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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The following Sermon was preached before the Evangelical Missionary Society, at Rev. Mr Gannett's Church, on Sunday Evening, April 25th, by Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H. The author has kindly complied with our request to let it appear in the columns of the Register; for which compliance, we are confident, our readers will thank him as heartily as we do ourselves.

SERMON.

LUKE VII. 19.—'Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?'

I know of no portion of sacred writ, which can suggest thoughts more appropriate to a missionary occasion, than the narrative, from which my text is taken. There is to my own mind something surpassingly grand and beautiful in it. It has a deep significancy, and is as full of meaning to us at the present day, as it was to the Baptist. John, though he had foretold the Messiah's advent, had very low and imperfect notions of his kingdom. He supposed, that he would have come in outward pomp, in robes of power and state, at the head of conquering hosts. In the gloom of imprisonment, his faith in Jesus as the Messiah had grown dim. He asked for some surer token, some more resplendent sign, than had been given. He felt, that, if Jesus were indeed the promised Savior, he was dallying on his career, wasting golden moments, and ungratefully leaving his faithful precursor to the horrors of a dungeon and the peril of a violent death. John therefore sent two of his disciples, in the double hope, no doubt, of hearing somewhat that might confirm his own faith, and also of hastening the movements of Jesus towards victory and empire, if he were the true Messiah. Jesus makes no direct verbal reply; but acts an answer full of eloquence. Surrounded by the sick, and blind, and distracted, whom the rumor of his wondrous cures had brought from all the country round about, he heals this wretched multitude in the presence of John's disciples, and then commands them to go and tell John what they had seen and heard, thus tacitly saying to his forerunner: 'One has come, who lifts off men's burdens and rolls away their infirmities, who cures the evils and dispels the sorrows of mortality, who bids disease begone and snatches the prey from the grave, who comforts the mourners, and proclaims glad news to the poor. Whom else, what more would you have? What seals of office could one bear more worthy of God, more manifest to man? Is not a healer of the griefs and ills of life *he that should come?*— the very Messiah that was needed? Why then *look for another?* Why look for pomp or glitter, the sound of trumpet and the clash of arms, when love, which is holier and greater than these, has become incarnate, and is working its miracles among the lowly and desolate? Why *look for another,* when the poor and the outcast have found a sympathy and kindness unknown before, when man, as man, has had shed upon him those rays of compassionate fellow-feeling, for which ever since the creation he has been yearning in vain?' The idea of this answer of our Savior is, that, *wherever love is at work, there he, who should come, has come,*—that in whatever company of believers, in whatever soul, there is love unfeigned and undefiled, to those believers, to that soul are fulfilled the words of the herald angel to the shepherds; 'Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.' I shall now endeavor to expand and illustrate this idea, trusting that the train of thought, which I shall draw from it, may be found in harmony with the occasion, which has brought us together.

1. I would take with an infidel the same course, which Jesus took to revive John's faltering faith. I would first survey with my unbelieving friend the institutions and customs of Paganism. I would show him those lands of darkness and of the shadow of death, where the wounds of humanity are left to bleed unrelieved and unpitied. I would take him from scene to scene of desolation and woe, over which brooded no angel of peace, and whispered no breathing of consolation. I would show him the victim of pestilence cast out by his own kindred, breathing his last alone and unthought of. I would show him the prisoner languishing in hopeless durance,—the poor man trodden in the dust, his home a kennel, his children slaves. I would take him to the new made grave and the house of death, and let him see how full of desolation and despair are the sorrows of bereavement, when not cheered by the dawning of a filial faith and a heavenly hope. And then I would lead the unbeliever through Christendom, and show him there a balm for all men's wounds. I would take him into the dungeons and pest-houses of the old world, and show him the Christian philanthropist thrusting himself into the very heart of peril, that he may carry the healing cup, the pledge of sympathy, the bread of life to those sick and in prison. I would bid him walk through the still streets, which have been swept by the swift pestilence, and there see, as the frequent corpse is borne forth, the sisters of charity and the ministers of the cross, women tenderly nurtured, men of commanding powers and gifts, hurrying undaunted from one death-bed to another, discharging at once the most menial and the most holy offices, breathing in contagion, exposing themselves to a thousand deaths, that they may soothe the last hours, and point to heaven the departing spirits of those, with whom a common nature is their only tie. I would show him the hospitals, the orphan asylums, the houses of reformation, which are seen nowhere but on Christian soil. I would bid him mark how Christian charity has taken the poor by the hand of cordial brotherhood, has gathered the little ones of ignorance and want into the fold of Jesus, and opened the door of mercy and of hope to the outcast victims of depravity. I would carry him to the maniac's Chapel on some Sabbath morning, and show him there the hundreds redeemed from straw, and chains, and filth, sitting, like him of old, at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and, to human appearance, in their right mind, listening earnestly to the soothing accents of Christian love, uniting devoutly in prayer, and lifting in faultless melody their songs of praise to him, who commands the light to shine out of darkness. I would carry him too to the Christian death-bed and house of mourning, and there teach him what peace and triumph the Gospel can shed over the closing scene, how calmly and hopefully survivers sorrow for those that sleep in Jesus. I would trace back for him every source of consolation and joy, till I reached the Gospel fountain, where it took its birth. I would show him that humanity has not a want, not a sorrow, which Jesus does not meet, not a dark passage in life, which he does not make fragrant with praise and love. I would thus hold forth Christianity as the great alms-giver, burden-bearer, and peace-maker of our race. I would show him how deeply humanity needed such a faith, how full and earnest is the sympathy of the great toiling and suffering body of humanity with it. And then I would ask him whether, if heaven indeed be gracious, such a Prince and Savior should not have come. Can we look at God's throne of love, and believe that he would have left his children unaided in their conflict with guilt and woe? Can we trace the healing streams, that flow from Christ to make glad the city of our God, without feeling that they flow from the throne of everlasting love? No. Such is indeed the Savior, who, man's wants tell us, *should come,* nor can the fair and honest seeker *look for another.*

2. Again, in Christendom, among rival sects and conflicting creeds, we may know where Christ is by the same signs. And especially, we may thus ascertain, whether he is in *our* midst, or whether we have taken away our Lord, and set up a false Christ, an Antichrist in his place. One says, *Lo, here is Christ,* another, *Lo, there.* Here you are bidden to trace his genuine Church in the purity of its doctrines, there in the sanctity of its ritual, yet elsewhere in the simple nakedness of its forms and modes. Christ may be present in either, in all, or in none of these Churches; for these are not the signs of his coming. But where you see the sick healed and the unhappy soothed, men's wants supplied and their sufferings relieved, the light and truth of God's word dispensed among the poor and sent forth to the benighted, you need look no farther,—Christ is there, and he, who should come, has come in the midst of that brotherhood, whatever their name, their creed or their forms. We are saved the trouble of catechizing them,—their works testify of them.

This view explains to us the exclusiveness and bigotry, which prevailed in the Church for so many ages. Though there has always been silently flowing from Christianity an influence, which has relieved the wants and allayed the troubles of man, the Church very early lost its actively and distinctively philanthropic character. When 'they that believed had all things in common, and parted of their possessions as every man had need,' there were no divisions among them. They bore the impress of their Master's love; and by that impress each knew his brother. They were all missionaries of the cross, went on errands of mercy, and bore glad tidings to the poor, and in these things each beheld in every other the seal of discipleship. But soon charity became rather the incidental act, than the habit of the Church. While she put on the trappings of pomp and power, the poor were neglected, the benighted were forgotten, the suffering were passed by on the other side. Nowhere, in any considerable portion the Church, could Christ's spirit be traced. And, as love waxed cold, schism and heresy grew. All parts of Christ's professed family having lost the mark of discipleship, by which they had once known each other, sectarian jealousy, partizan warfare raged. And well might Catholics and heretics alike have denied each other the Christian name; for, with here and there a solitary exception, they were all equally unworthy of it. 'Is he that should come among you?' might one sect have cried to another, 'Whence then in your midst those groans of unpitied suffering, those cries of the desolate and the fatherless unheard but by heaven, those unaided wants and woes, that grinding of the faces of the poor, those Macedonian cries of souls in darkness and error, thrilling in your ears without a response? Surely man's wants are left unsatisfied, his sorrows unrelieved within your pale. Therefore he, who should come, has not come among you,—look ye for another.' Thus for ages did the various divisions of Christendom reproach and upbraid each other, yet without taking to heart the good old proverb,—'Physician, heal thyself.' Still God never left himself without a witness. But the true Church, which still bore its Master's lineaments, and whence his spirit might have been rekindled, was often hidden in forests and caverns, sunk in obscurity, branded by anathemas.

The true Church, I say; for there has always been one. The Apostolic succession has been preserved. And this true Church, this Apostolic succession we trace not in a straight line through all the vileness and depravity of the Roman hierarchy; for, highly as we revere and cherish that outward organization and those time-hallowed and Apostolic forms, which survived in the darkest times, and dimly shadowed forth a purer past and a brighter future, we cannot conceive of any spiritual gift as having resided in the bodies of a corrupt and unchristian prelacy, and having been transmitted at their finger's ends. The true Apostolic succession has followed a devious path. The true Church has dwelt now among the cedars of Lebanon, and now in the fastnesses of the Appenines. It has glorified God in the fires of Smithfield, and in the martyred hosts of St. Bartholomew's Eve. It has reared its altars on the hills of Scotland, and among the primeval forests of the New World. It has worshipped in the vast Cathedral, and then again in dens and caves of the earth. Its prayers have gone up in the measured cadence and holy beauty of solemn litanies, and then again in the rapt fervor of the man of God, who speaks as the spirit gives him utterance. Its praises have floated to heaven on the organ's strains in the stately anthem, and then, without voice or sound, from the hearts of the still worshippers, who keep silence in their temple, because God is there. It has been known, not by its forms and creeds, but by such works as Jesus wrought before the Baptist's disciples. It has numbered among its members those of every form and creed, who have shown their love to God by their love for man. Its only creed and covenant is love,—its only ritual charity,—its only badge of priesthood a double portion of the spirit of Jesus. This Church, though on the increase, is still but a little flock. And hence one chief reason, why Christians of different names are still so slow to own each other. They do not trace in each other that full and fervent charity, which confounds the bigotry of creeds and catechisms. But as soon as the whole Church assumes a decidedly philanthropic aspect, as soon as Christians will give themselves no rest, while an ignorant, degraded, suffering fellow-man remains upon earth, then, in these Christ-like works, they will trace in each other their Master's image and superscription.

Thus indeed is it even now, where Christian love has shone forth with peculiar lustre. Who thinks of questioning on sectarian grounds the Christian name and true Christian priesthood of such men as Fenelon and Penn, Oberlin and Neff, Martyn and Heber, Mayhew and Brainerd, Cheverus and Tuckerman? Such men have borne too manifestly the signature of Jesus, even for the narrowest bigot to ask, 'Whose image and superscription is this?' They have too manifestly been led by the spirit of God, and commissioned from on high, to be arraigned at the bar of human exclusiveness. They are placed by common consent above the narrow limits of sect or party. They are deemed too much Christians, to have any other name stamped upon them; and good men of every name feel that they have a property in them. And why has it been thus? Simply because these venerable men reproduced the image of Apostolic piety and charity, because they preached the Gospel to the poor, and, like their Master, sought out want, and wo, and guilt, and felt the loudest call where there was the deepest need, because they shrank from no form of vice and wretchedness, but had faith in God, and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth could cast out the foulest spirit that ever dwelt in man. And every where, throughout the Church, where Christians come together for the relief of the oppressed and the desolate, the poor and benighted, they learn to esteem and love each other, and, however far divided by sectarian landmarks, to trace in each other features of brotherhood. As the Church abounds more and more in good works, and all of every name toil to lift the burden of guilt and woe from off our common nature, this mutual tolerance and sympathy will grow,—Christians will see their Master's image reflected from every quarter,—they will see that he, who should come, has come, and is working in the bosom of every separate communion. And, when love becomes the crowning grace of the whole Church, then will the walls fall down,—then will the bars between the separate folds be removed, and the disciples will again be one under the blessed name first borne at Antioch.

3. Once more, let us give the question of our text a more immediately personal application. Let us, who profess to believe in Jesus search ourselves, and see whether our Jesus is indeed the Christ of God. Has he, who should come, come to us, or look we for another? This we may know by 'the spirit, which he has given us?' There is no need of examining ourselves about subtleties of doctrine; for, though we have all faith and all knowledge, and yet have not charity, it profiteth us nothing. But have we the spirit of brotherly love shed abroad in our hearts? Is man in all his wanderings and pollutions dear to us as man? Do our pulses throb quick in sympathy with the suffering? Are not our feet slow, or our hands idle, when a voice of woe appeals to us? Do we love to do such works as Jesus wrought before the disciples of the Baptist? Is it our delight to carry the bread of life to the hungry soul, and to fill the cup of salvation for the thirsty spirit? And are we conscious of doing these things, not mechanically, but from the heart, from an impulse which will not let us rest, from a love, which cannot bear to be without imparting? My brethren, if these things be found in us, he, who should come, has come, nor need we look for another. Such love to man can flow only from ardent love for the true God. Such fruits can be borne by no sham piety, by no mock religion. Such fruits can never ripen from that hope of the hypocrite, which shall perish. If there be in our souls a fountain of love, which is never dry and never ebbs low, it is a fountain, which only an infinite source can keep thus full. We can thus love only by loving God, and loving all his children in him and him in all his children. 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.' 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'

Brethren, has he, who should come, come to our respective Churches, and to us individually? This is a question asked concerning us at the present time with a new and peculiar emphasis, by the opponents of those more rational and liberal views of Gospel truth and Christian communion, which, though united by no sectarian bond, we hold in common. And it is well that these views should be sustained and defended by that irresistible weight of argument and scriptural testimony, to which they can make their rightful appeal. But it is one thing to prove our doctrines true, and another to demonstrate that Jesus is with us. We may hold the truth in unrighteousness; and, if we do, our expositions and arguments will fall powerless. Our truest defence is that of a Christ-like spirit manifested in Christ-like works. Christ in our midst can be made manifest only by love unfeigned, by a charity full and free, by our zeal to diffuse the joy of his salvation and the blessedness of his reign among the benighted and the destitute. What then are we doing, individually or collectively, to promote the cause, for which Jesus lived and died? There are several terms of comparison, which we might do well to employ in answering this question.

We might compare our expenditures in religious charity with those, which we make for our own superfluous gratification. Do we spend the most for pleasure, or for Christ,—for the lust of the eye and the pride of life, or for the cause, in which Jesus yielded himself as a sacrifice? It is certain, that, if we came up to the Gospel standard of beneficence, our appropriations for sending light to those in darkness would far exceed those, which we make for indulgences, that do not even add to the comfort or happiness of life. We often indeed complain that we cannot afford to give for pious uses; but are there any of us, who cannot afford such charity better than the widow, whom Jesus praised, who cast in her whole living into the treasury of her God? Her two mites were not savings from her luxury; but were wrung by pious zeal from her necessities. It is in charity, that we are most prone to commence our retrenchments. As Christians, we ought to end them there, and to yield up any mere superfluity, rather than deny ourselves the luxury of doing good. Do we complain that, in order to do much good, we must deny ourselves? And what is it to be a Christian? 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself.' To spurn the yoke of self-denial is to strike ourselves from the roll of disciples.

We might again measure our religious charity by its results. How much do we and Churches in communion with us effect annually, or how much have we effected within any given term of years, towards the increase of Christ's kingdom? How much, has his reign extended itself through our instrumentality? How many benighted souls have been cheered by light, which we have kindled? Suppose that all Christian Churches made efforts and sacrifices in the cause of Christ in just the same proportion, according to their numbers and ability in which we are making them, how many centuries would it take to evangelize the world? Would the world ever be evanglized? Would the Redeemer's kingdom grow perceptibly? Or would it remain forever stationary? These are solemn questions,—questions, which, I fear, we should find it hard to answer with comfort to our own consciences. It cannot be denied, that, were our zeal and energy in works of Christian charity the rule and standard for the Church universal, the wheels of Christ's chariot would drag slowly and heavily along the path of ages. Yet why should we be exempt from the duty of urging on the conquering car, of preparing for Emmanuel's coronation as King of Kings? Who has given us leave to stand idle, while Christians of so many sects and so many various gifts are rushing into the harvest field? Who has discharged us alike from cost and effort in the warfare against superstition, infidelity and sin? Brethren, on this point it is high time that we should awake out of sleep. It is not enough for us, that we fence our own folds, and feed our own flocks. It behooves us to enlarge our circle of brotherhood, our bounds of neighborhood. All, who can be aided by our charity, have through Christ a claim upon it.

There is perhaps in many minds a scepticism with regard to Foreign Missions. It belongs not to the present occasion to discuss their claims or prospects. But, to my own mind, the greatest obstacle to their success, the only obstacle worthy of serious consideration, is the unchristian condition of Christendom, which, for every missionary, sends forth a hundred profane, licentious seamen, travellers and adventurers to undo his work. Our Home Missionary Societies are our truest Foreign Missionary Societies. If healing streams are to go forth from Christendom to gladden all lands, it can only be by deepening and filling the fountain. Never can the Gospel have free course among the nations of the earth, until Christians navigate our ships, until Christians conduct our intercourse with the destitute and benighted, until Christian nations are pervaded by the spirit of Gospel piety, and diffuse a light too bright, too clear to be overlooked or mistaken.

The Society, in whose behalf I solicit your aid this evening, is among our oldest religious charities. Its plan of operations is indicated by its name. The *Evangelical* Missionary Society,—not sectarian in its purpose, not designed to disseminate the peculiar views of this or that party, but to aid in the preaching of our common Gospel to those, by whom otherwise the public means of religion could not be sustained. While its funds would be withholden from such as would preach a Gospel of exclusion, schism and strife, they are open for the aid of any, who will preach the Gospel in its own tolerant, catholic and loving spirit.

This Society aids not those, who can, but will not support the institutions of religion. It helps those only, who are willing to help themselves; and instances are not wanting of parishes, which have been rescued by its judicious charity from utter destruction, and nursed into self-sustaining maturity and vigor, nay, into the ability to help others also.

The religious Societies aided by our funds, it is believed, generally tax themselves for public worship to the utmost of their ability. Many of them are in agricultural communities, where there are few or no persons of wealth. Many of them are the old first parishes of their respective towns, once flourishing, now crippled and frittered away by the inroads of sectarianism, yet still perhaps the only places in their respective towns where a permanent ministry is maintained, and, at least, the only places where a man, who takes the New Testament for his sole creed, can be admitted to the Communion Table, or dedicate his children to God in Baptism. Some of these Parishes exhibit touching and beautiful instances of self-denying attachment to the Sanctuary, where the fathers worshipped, so as to remind one of those, of whom it was written, when Zion was laid waste, 'Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof.' Could you witness as many proofs, as your preacher has, of zeal and self-sacrifice on the part of the members of such Parishes, and then could you hear their earnest appeal for aid, when they have done what they could and yet lack, you would need no more urgent solicitations—you would not let the flame upon these rural altars expire,—you would not leave these ancient ways of Zion to utter mourning, even though but few remain to attend their solemn feasts.

The contrast between those towns, which have enjoyed the regular ministrations of religion, and those, which have been for many years destitute of a settled ministry, is manifest and striking. You may know long before you reach the centre of a country town, whether its Sanctuary is kept open or laid waste. You may know this from the neatness or the squalidness of the dwellings which you pass, from the exterior and manners of the inhabitants, from all that marks the difference between a rude and an intelligent, a vicious and a moral, a beggarly and a thrifty population. Where the ministrations of the Sanctuary are suspended or irregularly performed, the schools are neglected, the village bar-room is full day and night, and the Sabbath, as inviting to drunkenness and disorder, is transformed from a blessing to a curse. But where a people have their own shepherd, they hear his voice, and walk as he points. There the schools thrive, the haunts of dissipation are closed, and the services and sympathies of the house of prayer throw around the little community a chain of intelligence, purity and love, binding each with all, and all with God. These are not mere vague statements. They might be substantiated by a comparsion of the worth and productiveness of land in these two classes of towns, by the annals of pauperism and crime, nay, by the bills of mortality, in fine, by all those statistics, that indicate the true well-being of communities. There are in New England numerous instances, in which two adjacent towns, enjoying the same physical advantages, present in all these particulars widely different aspects, solely, because in the one they have worshipped the God of their fathers, and in the other they have forsaken his altar, and set at nought his covenant.

But this is a charity, which concerns you no less intimately, hardly less directly, than it does the communities, to which the aid of our Society is given. You can hardly conceive the degree, to which your municipal character and prosperity depend upon the prevalence of intelligence, good morals and Christian piety in our rural districts. It is the country, which gives its character to the city. Our cities and maritime towns are to a great degree peopled from the country. There is a constant current of emigration from the interior to the sea-board. Comparatively few of those, who occupy commanding stations in this city, were born here. A large proportion of those most prominent among you as merchants and professional men, of those, whom you all trust and honor, first came hither in youth or early manhood. And whence came they? They came, (I say it not without passing many honored names mentally in review,) they came from towns, where the savor of Puritan piety yet lingers, where the Sabbath is hallowed, and the house of prayer opened. Nor were the majority of your vicious poor born here. Your jails and houses of correction need not have been built so amply for your native criminals. Many of these wretched beings come to you from the country; and, with the very limited knowledge of individual cases which a stranger must have, I have often seen and heard, in connexion with squalidness and guilt in your city, the names of towns, where I know that for many years there has been no stated preaching of the word, but an open desecration of God's house and day. It is for yourselves then, that I would implore your charity. I ask you to give, that you may receive again. The streams of your bounty will flow back upon you. God will render back your alms in giving peace, and thrift, and virtue within your borders.

On the funds of this Society depends the existence of about twenty feeble Parishes, which receive each indeed a small sum, but a sum absolutely necessary to enable them to support a stated ministry. In some cases, the clergyman, who receives this stipend to eke out his livelihood, performs missionary services in a destitute neighborhood. But the object of the Society is not to support for favor a system of itinerancy, but to prop up the *stated, regular ministry.* Any essential diminution of the resources of this Society must lead to the breaking up of such a ministry in some quarter; and, were its resources quadrupled, they would not more than suffice for the demands annually made upon it, many of which, rightful and urgent, are every year dismissed for want of funds.

Consider the blessedness of that charity, which aims to convert the sinner from the error of his ways. It were an incalculable good to save a single soul from death. For the soul thus rescued lives not for himself. He works upon others, upon the community. He leaves an impress of himself, that can never pass away. He leads others into the path of life, and they others still, and so on, in a current of holy influence widening and deepening all down the stream of time. Moreover, your contributions for the missionary cause may not only reclaim or save those, who shall exert the quiet influence of private worth. There are those now filling prominent stations in the Church, there are others preparing to take their place at the altar, who owe their first Christian purposes and efforts under God to the missionaries of this Society. Give in faith, entrust your free-will offering to the God of the harvest, and eternity will reveal fruits, which time can never show. Give; and you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just,—you shall rejoice in heaven with those, who, through your charity, shall have been brought into the Savior's fold, and taught the song of the redeemed.

Of all the fatal effects of sin, none strikes so just a horror into a considering mind as that every sinful action a man does naturally disposes him to another, and that it is hardly possible for him to do anything so ill, but that it proves a preparative and introduction to the doing of something worse.—*Dr South.*

For the Register and Observer.

'Le commun caractere est de ri en point avoir.'
Andrieux.

The common character is, to be characterless.

We sometimes see perseverance degenerating into obstinacy, and as we ponder over the imperfections of the education which has admitted such degeneracy, we are told of the sweet temper which is 'so easily' managed, which is turned from its own purpose to the will of another, which sees right and wrong only where a mother's hand has written it, and which judges of men and of creation only through that mother's optics. I confess that it is difficult for me to refrain from a hearty contempt of the latter, and no small degree of sympathy with the former character. I am aware that this is not a very orthodox view—nor is it the purpose of this essay to develope the beauty of an obstinate adherence to prejudices which cannot be explained or the delights of a conscious entertainment of opinions, which if they exist at all, must exist at the very antipodes of reason,—but rather, to impress upon the mind, the importance of so educating a child that he may have a will, a thought of his own. Beautiful indeed is that sweetness of temper, which enables one to resign a long cherished purpose—an innocent taste to the pleasure or perhaps the self will of a superior—valuable indeed is that pliancy of character which renders one's own convenience and individual fancies of no account, when the object to be considered is another's comfort, or the general good. But beautiful as is such a resignation, valuable as is such a sacrifice, it would be neither if it involved the loss of independence—a confused blending of shades on the mind's palette. From the child who mimics the occupation of its best loved friend, and who is content with none save that which interests her, to the man who lays his hand upon his brother's property, or steeps it in that brother's blood, because the more desperate of the gang with whom he has connected himself have dared to point the way—there are thousands of men and women in the world, who have neither wills nor ways of their own—whose morals and manners are determined by those of the society in which they chance to be—and who illustrate to its fullest extent the old proverb—of 'living at Rome,' as the Romans do. If we were always to be blessed with the pleasure of an affectionate and right minded guide,—all this might do very well—but the mother who has schooled into perfect subjection, her child's every thought and wish, and sends him at the age of twenty-one, into the world where evil thoughts and wishes wear the garb of the angels of light, telling him that she has done all she could for him, and that he must now act for himself—has done nevertheless but little for his future happiness. He yields to every force—he resists never—his whole life is a series of petty adaptations. He forgets that he has a conscience of his own, and measures good and evil by the callous or elastic test of his neighbor. The analogies of nature express what we should be. The reed it is true bows to every passing breeze—but when the zephyr has gone by, it is itself again, greeting the heaven with its erect beauty. The light branches of the oak are waved like a child's toy to the dalliance of the storm—but the massive trunk, conscious of the living principle within, bends not till it break. It is an anxious care, I know, to teach the impulsive, independence;—it is easier to coax or threaten the young being at your side, into habitual submission, than to develope the separate faculties into a consistent whole—than to resign day by day,—from the first glimmerings of thought unto the maturity of will,—some portion of your rightful authority, until the inward strength, that conscious dependence upon God imparts, has fitted that will for self-reliance—but how much nobler the spirit thus nurtured, how much worthier such a result of a mother's hopeful efforts. She has no farther need of anxiety for the child—her trust is in the principles which she has instilled—in the character which she has been leading him to form for himself. It is easier, I know, to teach the habit of unquestioning yielding—than to impart an acute perception of the good, the beautiful, the true, than to teach your child that this perception is never to be closed even by your own entreaties—never to yield even to your own command—and that it is only in regard to personal comforts—selfish indulgences—or individual tastes and pursuits that it is as manly as it is graceful—to defer to another's will. But the question is not in reference to to the difficulty of the thing—is this a *duty* or is it not? Are parents to impart a character to their children are they to educate them to meet the probations of earth, the joys of eternity?—or are they to evade the anxieties of their early years as easily as they may casting half the responsibilities which cling to their relation, upon the shoulders of circumstance and a 'large family?' without any reference to other than such portions of their child's temporal good as may be connected with a clean face—a tidy frock—and a somewhat unnecessary allowance of delicacies and toys? It has been said that in America children 'come up,' of themselves and this fact—for such it is—gives to our nation an unusual degree of originality;—yet it is not uncommon to see in our large cities—men, whose whole characters have rested on the accidental circumstance which first furnished them with employment. They have been connected in business, with men of sagacity and foresight—men of correct life—and strict principles. It has been their duty and their interest—to carry out the views of such men—until habit has made pleasant a line of conduct upon which their reputation and success depended. By degrees perhaps, they have roused themselves—and have entertained a few ideas plans by which men have known them from their neighbors. Or, they have been thrown in the way of a darker experience, men of influence, men of wealth, and station, of loose principles, and unscrupulous acquisitiveness, men who have speculated wildly, and will speculate not only wildly but sinfully, have made them their tools, have initiated them into the darkest secrets of busy life. They have fallen, have lived years, in apparent prosperity until an unlucky

turn of circumstances, has brought their worst secret dealings into light, a single weak thread in the web of negotiation betrayed the speciousness of the whole fabric, we call such men, the creatures of accident, but do we ever pause to ask ourselves, the meaning of the phrase, to wonder whether they are themselves wholly accountable for their seeming virtue or their *real* sin. They fill a place in the wide universe, but they are gone and no one misses them; sometimes, the public prints prate to us of their docility and kindheartedness, sometimes the low voice of rumor tells of shame which they have shared, but they leave no individual outlines behind them, by which the eternal shade may be imaged to our minds. It is a sad thought that individuality should be the distinguishing feature of noble and prominent minds. It is the duty of each—why then a miracle?

It is the mother's task to develope and bend the will; it is for her to point out the distinction between the authority of reason and the exercise of physical force; it is for her to teach the graceful recognition of the one, the noble defiance of the other; will she not consecrate herself to the work, and in its final accomplishment, will she not delight to find her children men, who are not the mere reflection of all other men, whose characters have another tone than that given and required by the oracles of their day. C. W. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1841.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

Most of our readers will understand what we mean by the 'Anniversary Week,' the week in which the various Associations and Societies, instituted for religious or philanthropic objects, hold their Annual Meetings in Boston. It is now close upon us. It used to be called 'Election Week.' We regret that this designation cannot still attach to it. We have always regretted that amendment in the Constitution, which changed the commencement of the political year from the last Wednesday in May to the first in January, and abolished the short session of the Legislature, held at the former period. We question whether anything has actually been gained by the change either in the expenses of legislation, or the despatch of public business. Upon these points, however, we are not competent to judge, nor is it our purpose to discuss them. Even admitting (and we are willing for argument's sake to make the admission) that the expenses of legislation are less, and the public business more speedily despatched, we still think that more has been lost than gained by the change, and that the higher interests of the State have suffered in consequence. The various Societies and Associations, which celebrate their Anniversaries in the last week of May, embrace and are intended to embrace members, laymen and clergymen, from all parts of the State, and in their action and objects have reference to the moral and religious interests of the whole State. Formerly the assembling of the Legislature, the last week in May, brought together distinguished individuals, laymen of high character, intelligence and influence, from all parts of the Commonwealth, to be present at these Anniversaries, to impart the counsels of their wisdom and experience, give and receive fresh impulses. This added much to the interest, and extended and diffused the beneficial influence of these occasions.

Now, however, there being no assembling of the Legislature at this season, the different and distant parts of the State are not so fully represented in the Anniversary meetings as they used to be. The attendance, with the exception of now and then a clergyman from the remote counties, is confined to the city and immediate neighborhood, and to those who have convenient access to the metropolis; and the Anniversary week, which once left its mark upon much of public sentiment and feeling throughout the State, and indeed over a large portion of New England, is now comparatively very confined in its influence and effects. This is to be regretted, and, as far as can be, reformed. Our chief purpose, therefore, in these remarks is to call attention to this subject, and to urge upon our brethren at a distance the importance of being present on these occasions, to do good and receive good. Let every clergyman, let every layman, whose duties and occupations will permit, make a point of attending. Let it not depend entirely upon his convenience, but let him make some sacrifice and effort, if need be, in order to be present. He will be in the way of duty and usefulness.

We are aware that by some, very little importance is attached to and very little interest felt in the meetings of the Anniversary week. They are not disposed to attend or to approve of them. When they occur, or are alluded to, they have always something to say about 'religious dissipation being the worst kind of dissipation,' 'the evil influence of associations upon individual character,' and 'the restless zeal which is not according to knowledge.' We are not disposed to enter into discussion with these persons. We are as much opposed as any one to religious dissipation, and to that restless, uneasy zeal, not according to knowledge, which is neglecting its real duties to perform imaginary ones. But—[we here stop to insert the following communication this moment come to hand.]

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Messrs. Editors,—The week of the Anniversaries is rapidly approaching. And before it arrives it seems important that all our minds should be stirred up in reference to it by way of more certain remembrance. *All* our minds, is the expression; by which is meant, not only those of the ladies, but also, those of the gentlemen; not only those of the gentlemen laity, but those also of the clergy. This season and these occasions, are important in various aspects. They reflect, as it were, in a mirror, not only what has been done by the directors of our numerous charitable and religious Associations of the city and State during an entire year; not only the way a large amount of money has been expended, either for good or evil; but also the *feeling* and *interest* of each respective portion of the community, in the accomplishment of the great objects in which they are mutually or separately engaged.

In former years the interest of the writer in these meetings has been such, as to induce him to be present at many of them, for a shorter or longer period, whether they occurred in the day time or evening; and he is free to say, there is no sight more gratifying than to go from church to church, or from place to place, at the different hours of the day, whether at six in the morning, or at ten at night, and so through the day, and witness the throng, the animated crowds, which in general, are to be found at each, listening with intense interest and delight to the various reports, expositions, or addresses usually made on these occasions. And there is sufficient cause for this. In most instances, much labor and anxiety have been given to the preparation of these several anniversary meetings. Much talent and character are brought to engage in them from various parts of the State, or from other portions of our own, or from other countries. Much information of the most important and useful character is spread before them in regard to the progress of Christianity, the Bible, the cause of Missions, whether foreign or domestic, Prisons, Sunday Schools, and other interesting charities. Now in a community of intelligent Christians, subjects like these could scarcely fail to excite the strongest feelings of interest and pleasure. Permit me then to ask, whether we are as deeply engaged in these anniversaries, even so far as it regards our own denomination, as we ought to be? Are our two leading Institutions, for instance, whose Anniversaries are observed on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday of that week (the A. U. A. and the Sunday School Society) so generally remembered and attended as would be useful, profitable or desirable? Are any of us, men or women, clergy or laity, ready to make any sacrifice in order to attend them? Or rather, does it not sometimes, nay frequently, happen, that a Concert or some common Exhibition, or less important object withdraws many of us from attending on these anniversaries, who should at any sacrifice give them our countenance, our cheerful attendance, and a helping word if necessary?

Much, we confidently believe, may be anticipated at these anniversary meetings the present season; and it would be a source of deep regret, if they should not obtain a much fuller attendance than in some former years.

A Unitarian.

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We thank our correspondent for his timely suggestions. Let our Unitarian brethren heed them. It seems to us that no denomination of Christians are under so great a weight of responsibleness as our own. What are our principles of truth and duty? Can any be conceived of more noble and ennobling? Do all of us feel our obligations as we ought? Are we sufficiently warm-hearted, and strong-handed, for the work to which Providence calls us? Is there not need of such opportunities as the approaching Anniversaries afford, for the interchange of thought, the expression of sympathy, the quickening of zeal, the strengthening of the bonds of union, and the devising of ways and means for a more efficient co-operation? If any one is cold and indifferent and doubtful, as to the worth of Unitarian principles and the obligations of all who hold them to be alive and active in their behalf, let him read that admirable tract, entitled 'Sober thoughts on the state of the Times,' which was published some years ago by the A. U. A.; and from which the following passages are taken:

'Let us look at the Unitarian community, with this reference to the circumstances in which it is placed. What has it assumed as the universal principles of truth and duty, and what are the obligations thence resulting?

'In respect to *principles*, what is most worthy of observation seems to me this:—it professes to have adopted as the universal principles of truth and duty, those fundamental everlasting principles, which are received by all christians as the basis and substance of their faith, and which comprise the essence of all religion, morality and philosophy. The process by which these principles are arrived at, is very simple. It has, in following out the doctrines of the great Lutheran Reform, stricken off from its list of theological articles those which were *peculiar* to the Romish church, and had made that church distinctively what it was;—then, it removed those which formed the *peculiarities* of the Lutheran and the Calvinistic bodies; then it set aside those which were peculiar to the church of England and the kirk of Scotland; and, in a word, it excluded whatever in any one narrow body of believers, formed *the distinctive badge of that body*,—Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, Swedenborgian, &c;—reserving to itself whatever, by being found in each, was proved to be common to all. All that illustrious and unquestionable truth, which is so divine, so essential, so undeniable, that no one of those numerous companies of the holy and good has been led by any philosophy or interest to withhold assent from it; all that glorious and comforting doctrine, which brings to consent and sympathy the purified spirits of our Paschals, Leightons, Doddridges, Wesleys, Cappes, and Penns,—this, separated from all accompanying admixtures, is that truth which the Unitarian community profess to receive as the binding, authoritative, guide to the human soul. This is that to which the study of the Scriptures, unbiassed by the authority of ages or of churches, naturally conducts. It places those who receive it at once in harmony with all the diversities of the church as respects the essentials of religion, and in contrast to them as regards the non-essentials. As if the sacred metal of truth having been coined up for the current use by the different christian peoples with various proportions and qualities of alloy, this people had proposed to separate from it and cast away those meaner ingredients, and receive in circulation none but the original and unadulterated.

'This is the Idea. This is what they profess to desire, and to aim after. This is the image of full attainment, the mark of the high calling in christian doctrine, which is set up before us.'

'Never was it given to a company of believers to be united by constitution or bond so dignified and admirable as this, when understood according to its true idea. It is the naked heart, the inmost core of christian truth, separated from every addition with which human ignorance, error, ambition, or superstition had connected it. A famous sect of philosophers there anciently was, who thought to arrive at true wisdom by selecting from all the schools what seemed truest in each, and uniting them in a new system. But the purpose of these modern Eclectics is better still,—to reject what is peculiar to each school, and retain that radical and seminal central truth, which Christ proclaimed from heaven;—to bow to no human wisdom, be led by no finite will, governed by no fallible authority,—but to be free, absolutely and unreservedly, from all constraint upon thought, inquiry, conscience, faith, except the constraint of the revealed Word, and the willing allegiance of the conscientious mind. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more sublime position for man or angel, in earth or heaven, than this,—that of a spirit erect and independent, owning no control but that of the Being which made it, and to Him and his will surrendered without reserve.

'This is the result to which the sublime principles of the Reformation conduct. Those principles insist on freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, independence of human control, in the strictest sense. They permit and require every man to inquire of the scriptures and decide for himself;—with unqualified submission to God, with absolute independence of man. That denomination has most consistently adhered to them, which has thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ.

'If I understand the subject aright, this is what Unitarianism claims to have done. What a responsibility does it imply! What honesty of mind, what singleness, directness and steadfastness of will, what resolute allegiance to conscience and God, does it demand of its disciples! It might be excusable for other men to inquire dilatorily for truth, and with an indolent foot follow the path of their convictions; for they have cast a portion of their responsibility upon others, and professedly learn much from human teachers. But for those who claim to be free from the interference of every human mind, to plant their faith and risk their salvation on the word of God alone,—they are guilty of most inexcusable madness, if they stop short at secondary knowledge, if they do not draw industriously from that infinite fountain,—if they be not absolutely subjected to God as they are freed from man. For the object of their liberty is not, that they may follow wildly their own momentary and undisciplined impulses,—that they may take up and lay down at pleasure the thoughts and pursuits which expediency may suggest. They are set free from the control of man, as the planets are, that they may the more exactly and blissfully observe the true orbit appointed by their Maker; made free by the truth, that they may obey the truth, by the truth be sanctified, and thus arrive at that only honor which a rational soul should desire, or in which it can find its well-being.

'We have in view one grand object,—namely, to ensure to Christianity its full, its legitimate authority in society and over men. In order to this, we are professedly seeking to extend and complete the Reformation. If there be impediments in any of the circumstances and accidents of the times, they must be strenuously resisted. Every means must be employed, every heart and hand must be engaged. Every believer must apply himself to the work, and inquire, and talk, and pray, and act, until all arrive at that elevation of the spiritual life, which as yet is only approached, but which must be *arrived at* before a christian community can be fully worthy of its name.

'The signs of the times are favorable. The movement has been long begun, and is prosperously going on. May God speed it! Our Churches, our Sunday schools, our books, and our various organizations for mutual aid and charitable action, are gratifying tokens of advancement; they show that the true spirit is at work; they encourage us to labor and pray for its extension, confident that God will hear our prayer, and that success will reward our labors. Let us then redouble our labors and our prayers. Let us contend valiantly for these practical and spiritual achievements. The times are propitious, all things are ready, there is something for every man to do. Every man has first of all a mighty work to finish in his own character;—he has, in watchfulness and prayer, to govern and perfect his own spirit, and, in disinterested love, to seek the good of those around him. He has to do his share toward the diffusion of elevated principles, toward giving a christian tone to the socieiy in which he moves, toward imbuing its conversation, its spirit, its habits, with the purity, gentleness, peacefulness, and love of right, which ought to characterize communities of christians. Much activity is requisite in order to this end. Very much is to be done to make society what it should be; very much before it will realize the image drawn in the New Testament. It can be effected only by the strenuous fidelity of individual christians; and no one can be accounted guiltless, who neglects by word and example to do all in his power to hasten the desirable consummation.

'But individuals cannot do it alone. Their single action will effect something; but it is their combined action only which can bring about the perfect result. And therefore,—if I am asked what is the great lesson of expediency and duty to be drawn from the survey now taken of the position, character, circumstances and relations of this christian community,—I should answer, the imperious necessity of more general and affectionate union and co-operation in the cause of truth and happiness. I should say, you stand in a peculiar posture, you are pledged to a peculiar work,—peculiar and vast;—you are embarrassed by peculiar and multifarious impediments;—and nothing but the loftiest virtue, and the most devoted faith, and the most energetic and unquenchable zeal, will enable you to carry through your work and accomplish what Providence has apparently offered to you to accomplish. Under such circumstances, it is impossible that the single-handed efforts of insulated individuals shall be sufficient. The requisite zeal cannot be kindled, the necessary determination cannot be excited, the needed information cannot be spread, without much communion of mind with mind, much action of heart on heart. You must unite your hearts, your prayers, your strength. You must meet together, and talk about these things; excite, encourage, admonish each other, provoke one another to love and good works. Devotion, in this cold world, needs the cheering stimulus of sympathy; virtue, in this tempting world, needs the strength of public countenance; philanthropy, in this selfish world, requires the support and courage of numbers. You must pray together in circles assembled for the purpose; converse together of your trials, wants and duties, of the demands of the truth, of the necessities of the church, of the capacities, glories, infirmities, degradation, and destiny of this immortal nature; and thus enkindle a livelier flame of piety, a warmer zeal for truth, a bolder action for charity, and a more eager aspiration after the spiritual life.

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To the Editors of the Christian Register.

CONCESSIONS OF TRINITARIANS.

Manchester, England, April 1st, 1841.

Gentlemen,—Through the kindness of a friend, I have seen the *Christian Register* for Jan. 30, in which you call the attention of your readers to the admissions which Tritarians have frequently made to the principles of interpreting Scripture generally adopted by Unitarians; and in which you also call on 'some one who has leisure and books to set about collecting the concessions of our Orthodox brethren, in regard to the meaning of those passages of the Bible commonly quoted in support of the doctrine of the Trinity.'

Not expecting that any person would attempt a work of this nature requiring such a vast amount of labor and so little originality of talent,—I formed the design, several years ago, to undertake it, and have since employed my leisure hours in collecting all the concessions that I have been able to discover, having any relation to the absolute and sole supremacy of God, the Father—the inferiority of Jesus Christ to the Being whose Son and Messenger he was—and the personality of the Holy Spirit, considered as distinct from the Almighty Father himself.

Along with this note, I forward the prospectus of my work; and, as the encouragement for putting it to press is yet scarcely sufficient to shelter me from risk in its publication, I should feel thankful to any repectable publisher of Unitarian works in the United States for an order for a certain number of copies, which in all probability could be struck off at less expense here than the work could be reprinted in America. If this proposal be deemed worthy of acceptance, I should be glad, if requisite, to furnish some American Bookseller with a titlepage adapted to his meridian.

As you have taken a warm interest in this matter, perhaps you will do me the honor of inserting this Letter with extracts from my Prospectus, in the *Christian Register*.

My address is—'*Guardian* Office, Market Street, Manchester, England.'

I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,

John Wilson,

Author of 'Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism.'

Proposals for publishing by subscription, a new work, entitled the Concessions of Trinitarians, selected from the writings of the most eminent biblical critics and commentators, both Catholic and Protestant. By John Wilson, Author of 'Scriptural Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism.'

A vague feeling seems to have long existed in the minds of those Unitarians who have attended to theological pursuits, that many of the texts and arguments generally adduced by Trinitarians, in defence of their peculiar opinions, have been allowed by the more learned and judicious among them, at different times and under various circumstances, to be unsatisfactory and inconclusive. In the present work, the Author's aim has been to collect together, and present to the reader, those admissions which, from the very circumstance that they are mostly unintentional and indirect, have the greater force in proving the insufficiency of the foundation on which it is attempted to build the doctrine of the Trinity; and when the number and variety of these concessions shall have been considered, it will, it is thought, be felt, that no inconsiderable argument has been constructed in favor of the grand Scriptural truth of the Sole Deity of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Author, therefore, proposes to publish a book comprising extracts from the esteemed commentaries, lexicons, &c. written both before and since the appearance of Sandius's work,—presented to English readers in their native language, and according to the order of the texts in the authorised version of the Bible. In this undertaking he has been encouraged by the hope, that Trinitarians would be more disposed to listen to the arguments and criticisms which Unitarians are in the habit of using, when they become aware that those very arguments and criticisms have been urged by not a few of the most distinguished scholars of their own creed. He felt desirous, at the same time, of putting into the hands of Unitarians themselves, some of the best explanations of texts, relating to this Controversy of controversies, which perhaps have ever been given; and which, otherwise, those whose libraries are limited might find it difficult, if not impossible, to procure. He felt also, that, though his work should prove unsuccessful in promulgating what he conceives to be the cause of Biblical truth, his labors would not be altogether in vain, if they were found to promote a spirit of greater amity among Christians—if Unitarians were led, by the perusal of the work, to appreciate more fully the virtues and learning of the great men who have opposed their views; and if Trinitarians were thereby induced to think less harshly of believers in the personal Unity of God, when they discovered that imputations of ignorance, dishonesty, and perverseness, might with equal propriety be brought against some of the best and the most enlightened divines of their own Church.

Recommendations of the work have been received by the Author from the following gentlemen, who have cursorily looked over the manuscript:—The Rev. Robert Wallace, Professor of Critical and Exegetical Theology, in Manchester New College; the Rev. James Yates, M.A., F.G.S., London; the Rev. J. R. Beard, Minister of the Unitarian Congregation, Greengate, Salford; and the Rev. Hugh Hutton, of the Old meeting, Birmingham.

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For the Register and Observer.

SPRING.

Right welcome with thy smile of love, sweet harbinger of flowers,
Of sparkling founts and sunny skies, and merry, laughing hours,
Of singing birds and perfumed breeze and all earth's brightest things,
That win the heart from bitterness to blest imaginings.

What deep well-springs of happiness thy kindly hand supplies!
We deem each flower a perfumed shrine whence fragrant clouds arise!
Creation's lyre of thousand strings when softly swept by thee,
Sends forth in harmonising strains its floods of melody.

Oh! would each swift succeeding Spring our innocence renew,
And calm the fever of the brow with heaven's refreshing dew,
And woo the flowers, whose gentle heads the world's cold blast hath bowed,
To lift their petals to the breeze beneath the Summer cloud,—

Oh! could we live unseared by care, unchanging in our trust,
With thoughts, an urn whose crystal stream admits no soil or rust,
Too much of Paradise were given, too strong the chain to bind
To earth's imperfect blessedness the vast, unfettered mind.

Faith loves, upon the spirit land, its own bright hues to fling,
And whispers to the listening ear, 'There it is always Spring.'
It needs no burning sun by day, it sees no withering flowers,
It knows no hush of melody throughout the twilight hours!

Joy to the weary wanderer whose earthly Springs are past,
To whom the best and calmest hours were clustered in the last!
A crown of rich and sparkling gems the token fair shall be
Of battle fought and victory won—a soul redeemed and free.

Iose.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Labor and Reward. A Sermon preached at Hampton Falls, N. H., Feb. 21, 1841. By Linus H. Shaw, Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Hampton Falls.

The object of this excellent discourse is to illustrate and apply the great truth, that no one has reason to expect success in any work if he neglects or wrongly uses the means which God has appointed. Having shown how this truth manifests itself in the common affairs of life, he asks: 'Why do any expect to proceed in spiritual concerns and pursuits, in a manner different from that which all find it necessary to adopt in earthly pursuits? Why do any suppose that the eternal riches of the soul may be secured without the observance of means, times and seasons; when the perishing treasures of the earth require all this faithfulness and care, and strict obedience to appointed laws? On what ground do any fix the expectation or hope, that the blessings of heaven may be gained by a single effort, its happiness secured by a sigh of selfish sorrow, a pang of remorse or a tear of regret at the last moment of life? Has our Maker appointed certain means to be employed, certain seasons to be observed, and required certain labors for the obtaining of perishable riches; and does he depart from this principle in the bestowment of those spiritual, incorruptible treasures, set before us in the Bible? Has he appointed certain means to be employed for the obtaining of that which is *least;* and has he not appointed means for obtaining that which is *greatest*?'

He then appeals to experience, reason, and the Bible to prove that they greatly mistake who look for future happiness to any other source than the faithful use of the present means appointed by God. From the concluding pages we take the subjoined passages:

It follows, then, that all, who look for future happiness to any other source than the faithful use of present means, are under a great mistake and will certainly fail of the happiness they expect. They who depend for their salvation on the righteousness of Christ; who persuade themselves that Christ's obedience will, in some mysterious manner, be transferred to their benefit; who count on the merits of their Savior instead of obeying his commandments; these, if the principles in this discourse are correct, will be disappointed. Spiritual happiness, the happiness of heaven, is not like an article of merchandise, capable of being transferred or bestowed; a thing to be earned or purchased by one and given to another.

Again. If the principles set forth in this discourse are correct, they who think they may sin with impunity because God is a merciful Being, are in a great and dangerous error. Many endeavor to persuade themselves and others that to sin in this life is not so dangerous a thing after all; since God is so merciful that he will not punish the sinner in the future life for a short course of transgression in the present state. To such, the reply might well be made,—May not the husbandman, who neglects to plough and sow his fields at the proper season, say the same, and with equal propriety? May he not say—'God is so full of mercy that he will never suffer me and my family to starve and perish for merely neglecting, a few days in the spring, to cultivate and plant my fields.'—Now we know, that he who does neglect to plant his fields at the proper season *must* experience the evil consequence—he *must* starve and perish unless he can obtain his bread from some other source. His Maker will never work a miracle to save him in his idleness, even though he starve and perish. The case of the careless husbandman is, in its principles, exactly parallel with that of the sinner. Both have neglected to use the means God has appointed; one has neglected to use the means appointed for the support of his body; the other, the means appointed for the perfection and happiness of his soul. Both have neglected to obey the established laws of God; and both must meet the consequences; there is no way to avoid them. No one will say that God is unmerciful, because he has suffered the consequences of neglect and idleness to follow upon the husbandman: neither any more is he unmerciful because he allows the consequences of transgression to follow upon the sinner. God is merciful. All that we see and feel declares this glorious truth; but he cannot contradict himself, and oppose his own laws. He never, did, never will, never can. The great laws by which he governs the material and the spiritual worlds are unchangeable; the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

It may be remarked again:—If the principles stated in this discourse are correct, those who depend one mere repentance, or single acts of duty, *without reforming the character*, are under a great mistake. Repentance is of value only as it leads to reformation; a reformation and renewal of the deep principles and affections of the soul. True repentance always leads to this; and in this broad sense, the word repentance is to be understood in the New Testament, when it is named as a means of salvation;—it always *includes* reformation of heart and life. Now, it is plain to all, that the soul is made worse, rather than better, by sorrow for sin, if that sorrow does not lead to a real improvement of the soul and character. The value of every religious observance, ceremony, devotion and feeling must be estimated by the effect it has on the permanent *character* of the individual, and by no other rule. Is his character improved by his experiences, observances and professions? Do his christian graces increase in proportion to his ceremonies, professions and articles of faith?—Does the person, by his frequent attendance on religious exercises, and his professed communion with his own soul and with his God, feel his affections gradually loosened from the objects of earth, and taking a stronger hold on things above? Do his motives, desires and purposes better coincide with the rule set forth in the Gospel, than at any former period of his life? If these fruits appear, there is encouragement;—if they appear not, then all forms, all profession, all zeal and feeling are vain. 'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is heaven.' This plain rule of the Savior must not be forgotten. The most that can be said of repentance, in itself considered, is, that it is *a good beginning*, if it is genuine repentance, a 'godly sorrow,'—it is the first hopeful step toward heaven. If reformation follow repentance, and thus prove it true and sincere; the individual is a christian, he is saved from his sins and must be happy as long as he continues in the good way: But if reformation follow not, all is vain and worse than vain. The individual is injured and driven further the downward road to death.

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A Discourse on the life and character of the Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, D. D., delivered at the Warren Street Chapel, on Sunday Evening, Jan. 31, 1841, by William E. Channing, Boston: William Crosby & Co. 1841.

In commendation of this discourse we are happy to say, it is worthy of its author and of its subject. It will be eagerly sought for and read by multitudes both in this country and in England. The writer's main purpose is to express his 'reverence' for Dr Tuckerman's 'character,' and his 'sense of the greatness of the work' to which he consecrated the latter part of his life. But before entering on these topics, he devotes twenty five pages to the consideration of 'a more general subject, which was often on the lips of our departed friend, to which he constantly recurred in his writings, and on the comprehension of which the permanence of the Ministry at Large chiefly depends. This subject is, the obligation of a city to care for and watch over the moral health of its members, and especially to watch over the moral safety and elevation of its poorer and more exposed classes.' From this part of the discourse we take the following paragraphs:

'Why is it, my friends, that we are brought so near to one another in cities? It is, that nearness should awaken sympathy; that multiplying wants should knit us more closely together; that we should understand one another's perils and sufferings; that we should act perpetually on one another for good.'

'What is the happiest community? It is not that, in which the goods of life are accumulated in a few hands, in which property sinks a great gulf between different ranks, in which one portion of society swells with pride, and the other is broken in spirit; but a community, in which labor is respected, and the means of comfort and improvement are liberally diffused. It is not a community, in which intelligence is developed in a few, whilst the many are given up to ignorance, superstition, and a gross animal existence; but one, in which the mind is so reverenced in every condition, that the opportunities of its culture are afforded to all. It is a community, in which religion is not used to break the many into subjection, but is dispensed, even to the poorest, to rescue them from the degrading influence of poverty, to give them generous sentiments and hopes, to exalt them from animals into men, into Christians, into children of God. This is a happy community, where human nature is held in honor, where, to rescue it from ignorance and crime, to give it an impulse towards knowledge, virtue and happiness, is thought the chief end of the social union.'

'It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is Man himself. He is its end. We admire its palaces; but the mechanic who builds them is greater than palaces. Human nature in its lowest form, in the most abject child of want, is of more worth than all outward improvements. You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshiping, man-despising crowd, which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gaily-decked prostitute, or the idle, wasteful, aimless, profitless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the marks of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealments and frauds? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper or enjoy? In the neighborhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings are there abodes of squalid misery, of reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, of half famished childhood, of profaneness, of dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying with your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralizing the influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number, but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufactures are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city, which should practically adopt the principle, that man is worth more than wealth or show, would gain an impulse that would place it at the head of cities. A city, in which men should be trained worthy of the name, would become the metropolis of the earth.'

'Ill-boding scepticism will cry out, 'Why all this labor? Society cannot be improved. Its evils cannot be done away.' But this croaking has little significance to one, who believes in Christ, the divinely ordained Regenerator of the world, and who compares, in the light of history, the present with past times. On these authorities, I maintain that society *can* be improved. I am confident, that this city would become a new place, a new creation, were the intelligent and good to seek in earnest to spread their intelligence and goodness. We have powers enough here for a mighty change, were they faithfully used. I would add, that God permits evils for this very end, that they should be resisted and subdued. He intends that this world shall grow better and happier, not through his own immediate agency, but through the labors and sufferings of benevolence. This world is left, in a measure, to the power of evil, that it should become a monument, a trophy to the power of goodness. The greatness of its crimes and woes is not a ground for despair, but a call to greater effort. On our earth the Divine Philanthropist has begun a war with evil. His cross is erected to gather together soldiers for the conflict, and victory is written in his blood. The spirit which Jesus Christ breathes, has already proved itself equal to this warfare. How much has it already done to repress ferocity in Christian nations, to purify domestic life, to abolish or mitigate slavery, to provide asylums for disease and want? These are but its first fruits. In the progress already made by communities under its influences, we are taught that society is not destined to repeat itself perpetually, to stand still forever. We learn, that great cities need not continue to be sinks of pollution. No man has seized the grand peculiarity of the present age, who does not see in it the means and material of a vast and beneficent social change. The revolution which we are called to advance, has in truth begun. The great distinction of our times, is a diffusion of intelligence and refinement and of the spirit of progress through a vastly wider sphere than formerly. The middle and laboring classes have means of improvement not dreamed of in earlier times; and why stop here? Why not increase these means where now enjoyed? Why not extend them, where they are not possessed? Why shall any portion of the community be deprived of light, of sympathy, of the aids by which they may rise to comfort and virtue?'

'Our city is growing, and we are impatient for its more rapid growth, as if size and numbers were happiness. We are anxious to swell our population. Is it not worth our while to inquire, what kind of a population we are to gather here? Are we so blind as to be willing and anxious to repeat the experience of other cities? Are we willing to increase only our physical comforts, our material wealth? Do we not know, that great cities have hitherto drawn together the abandoned? have bred a horde of ignorant, profligate, criminal poor? have been deformed by the horrible contrasts of luxury and famine, of splendor and abject wo? Do we not know, that, among

the indigent and laborious classes of great cities, the mortality is fearfully great in comparison with that of the country, a result to be traced to the pestilential atmosphere which these people breathe, to the filth, darkness and dampness of their dwellings, to the suffering, comfortless condition of their children, and to the gross vices which spring up from ignorance and destitution? Do we want no better destiny for this our dear and honored metropolis? You will not suspect me of being a foe to what are called improvements. Let our city grow. Let railroads connect it with the distant West. Let commerce link it with the remotest East. But, whilst its wealth and numbers grow, let its means of intelligence, religion, virtue, domestic purity and fraternal union grow faster. Let us be more anxious for moral than physical growth. May God withhold prosperity, unless it is to be inspired, hallowed, ennobled by public spirit, by institutions for higher education, and by increasing concern of the enlightened and opulent for the ignorant and poor. If prosperity is to narrow and harden us, to divide us into castes of high and low, to corrupt the rich by extravagance and pride, and to create a more reckless class of poor, then God avert it from us. But prosperity need not be so abused. It admits of noble uses. It may multiply the means of good. It may multiply teachers of truth and virtue. It may make the desert places of society blossom as the rose. To this end may our prosperity be consecrated. Thus may we requite the Author of all good.

How we may accomplish the good work now set before us, I have not time to say. I would only ask your attention to one means of improving our city, to which our attention is particularly called by the occasion which has brought us together. I refer to the Ministry at Large. The reasons of this institution are too obvious to require labored exposition. That those classes of society, which enjoy fewest advantages of education, peculiarly need instruction and the voice of the living teacher; that those, whose habits, conditions and wants exclude them, in effect, from our Churches, should be visited in their homes by the ministers of Christianity, who does not see and acknowledge? If we, with every means of culture, need the Christian ministry, the poor need it more. Is it not a duty, and should we not rejoice, to send forth faithful, enlighted men, whose office shall be, to strengthen those whom corrupt influences are sweeping from duty with peculiar power, to guide those who have no other counsellor, to admonish and cheer those who are pressed with heaviest temptations, to awaken the minds of those who are almost unconscious of their intellectual powers, to breathe fortitude into those who suffer most, to open a better world to those to whom this world is darkened, and above all to snatch their children from ruin, to protect the young who seem born to a heritage of want or crime! The ministry devoted to these offices is undeniably a wise, Christian, noble institution. You are not called to uphold a plan of doubtful charity, or to send teachers to remote regions, where years of anxious labor must be spent on an unbroken, unthankful soil, before the fruit can appear. You are invited to sustain an institution, seated in the heart of our city, and which, as you know, is sending the waters of life through our own population. Its Chapels, Sunday Schools, Libraries, are in the midst of you. The doors, to which its ministers carry counsel and consolation, are near your own. You see its influences this moment in these children. Its aim is, to remove the saddest features of our civilization, the deep corruption of great cities; and in the energy which it now puts forth, we have a pledge of a happier era, in which society will prosper without the terrible sacrifice of so many of its members. May this good work go on and spread, and may future generations bless us for saving them from some of the worst evils which darken our own age.'

In the last thirty five pages of the discourse, the author dwells on the character of Dr Tuckerman, and on the great work to which that good man for many years devoted all his powers. The volume closes with an Appendix of twenty pages, which contains, among other things, a Letter from Judge Story, and a Biographical Sketch by Rev. E. S. Gannett, both relating to the same distinguished Philanthropist.

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Familiar Dialogues and Popular Discussions, for exhibition in Schools and Academies, &c. By William B. Fowle, Teacher of a Young Ladies' School in Boston, &c. &c. &c. Boston: Tappan and Dennet. 1841.

The Author says what is true when he remarks: 'Nothing tends more to make good readers and speakers than the reading or speaking of familiar Dialogues; for these are generally well understood by the young, and inflections of the voice are more frequently required, and more easily and naturally made, than in other lessons.' The volume contains a great variety of 'popular discussions' and other pieces, suitable for reading or speaking in Schools of either sex and in social parties; and it is one that cannot fail, we think, of being at once entertaining and instructive to all who shall make use of it. Most of the Dialogues are original, 'prepared for the amusement of the Author's own pupils, or those of his brother, the Teacher of the Boy's Monitorial School.'

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

Messrs. Editors,—In a late number of the Register, I noticed an article from one of your correspondents under the head of 'Future Punishment;' and I must say, I was not only unpleasantly affected at the theory it held forth, but also by the thought of the erroneous conclusion so many who have but a slight knowledge of the Unitarian faith, might draw from it; for a future state of *retribution* is what I believe few if any of our faith deny.

The writer starts upon the principle, that the only object of punishment which is sanctioned by justice, wisdom or benevolence, is either reformation of the individual punished, or as an example to others, to deter them from sin; as a mere retribution to inflict so much suffering for so much sin, without regard to the two purposes to be accomplished, is not only useless in itself, but can proceed from nothing but a malignant disposition in the being who inflicts it; —a disposition which is gratified by causing and witnessing pain and misery!' But however unpalatable the penalty of sin may be to the writer's taste, or ideas of mercy and justice, we read that the wages of sin is death; and the gift of God to those who keep his commands, 'eternal life.' The great Ruler of the Universe, placed us here as free agents, and probationers for eternity; his laws have been clearly revealed to us, with full power to keep or reject them; if we choose to do the latter, we subject ourselves to the expressed penalty of doing so; which is plainly asserted shall be 'everlasting destruction, from the presence of God!' and on the other hand, 'everlasting life' is promised to those who love and obey him. It is sufficient for us to know what the law of God is, without arraigning the justice or mercy of it; and that is so plainly made known in the scriptures, that a child may read and understand. He is there revealed as a God of love and justice; providing for all our wants, and requiring nothing from us but a reasonable service: but if we stray far from him, and take unto ourselves other gods to serve, saying in our every act, we will not serve or have him to reign over us—nor turn and repent us of our sins of ingratitude and disobedience, when he has so graciously offered to forgive and accept us if we do,—we must expect the sure 'wages' of our iniquity, in that 'vengeance' which he has repeatedly said, shall be everlasting punishment. I shall not dwell on the rendering of the word 'everlasting' by different commentators, but only observe, that if we are to consider the words 'everlasting punishment,' to be a definite period, as some do, then I see no good reason why we may not also apply a definite duration to 'everlasting life' or happiness; for the 'limited duration' militates as much against the word in one connexion, as the other. 'Of what possible use,' the writer asks, 'would it be in this world, or another, to inflict punishment as a mere retribution?' Of what possible use, we might ask in return, is it to hang a murderer, or imprison him for life? it will not bring back the crime for which he suffers the penalty, nor will he reap any benefit from the punishment; why not let him go on till he chooses to repent, if he ever has the disposition to, either in this world or another? for if he is not made better by the punishment, nor any one else, it must 'show a malignant disposition in those who inflict it,—and a disposition which is gratified only by causing and witnessing pain and misery!' Because we do not see the 'use' or utility of the penalty of sin, is it for us to doubt the fact revealed, or question the justice of it? must we not expect to reap that we sow?

God has given us the power to do good, or resist evil; he has held out every encouragement to induce us to love and serve him; and a reward for doing so, far beyond our merit, or what the 'heart of man can conceive;' but if we obstinately refuse to serve him in the reasonable performance of our duty, then we are told we shall be separated from the faithful and go away into 'everlasting punishment;' this is the whole tenor of the scriptures.

The writer seems to think the future state will be a continuation of this, where mankind will have the power to sin, and for this reason be the subjects of punishment; and says, 'I see no good reason why a man in another world, who should repent and reform there, should not avoid a further continuance of punishment by so doing, as well as if he repented and reformed here! Why should it not be so?' A sufficient reason why it should not be so, is because God has ordered it otherwise; and because there is not a passage in scripture to justify such a conclusion—but much, and everything to signify that it is *here only*, we can hope for pardon and acceptance.

Repent and be saved in the grave, or afterwards!! a very specious doctrine for the wicked, to catch at, but on what shall it be founded? what shall it grow out of? not the word of God surely, for that at once crushes such a delusion; it must proceed then, only from the reasoning of men who cannot see the equity of punishing for sin, excepting for example, or to *save* sinners! If it is the case, that we have both time and eternity to sin in, and repent when we chose, and that God must wait *our time* to accept his proffered mercy and pardon—why should the Scriptures be one continual call for repentance for sin? why should God condescend to reason with us; and cry, 'turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die in your sins.' 'Repent, therefore, that your sins may be blotted out.' Why does 'God command men everywhere *now* to repent?' '*To-day*,' we are called upon, to 'listen to his voice,' and not to harden our hearts; for 'unless ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' 'What ye have to do, do with all your might; for the night cometh when no man can work: for in the grave whither we go, there is no work, nor devise, nor wisdom, or knowledge"! Why in fact, did we have any revelation at all? what is the particular 'use' of it here, if we can at any time repent, here or hereafter? or why was not this doctrine, if true, clearly revealed to us—or at least intimated in the Scriptures? What is the use of the clergymen's continual warning against time and eternity? What is the difference between time and eternity according to your correspondent's views? Of the sinner it may be said, in one sense, time does not end, nor eternity begin! But our Lord intimates very plainly, that there *is a time*, when the 'door' of mercy shall be 'shut,' and those who would fain enter, will be 'denied' admittance. Our Savior too, in one of his strongest illustrations of the state of the dead, and I think the only one, represents Dives being in torment, asking Abraham for some slight mitigation of his suffering; and we certainly may conclude from his situation, that if repentance for sin would have procured it, he had not petitioned in vain;—but Abraham kindly, though very *decidedly*, gives him to understand, that the thing was *impossible;* that there was no intercourse, or hope for him! fully conscious now, of the utter hopelessness of his own condition, he remembers the wickedness of his brethren yet living, and begs that they may be warned, even by 'one from the dead,' that they may escape the misery he was then suffering; but this is refused also, as the living have enough already made known to them, if they will only believe and accept the terms.

But I will not dwell longer on a subject which is conceded by most all Christians, to be a Scripture tenet; and which none more fully believe, and sustain, than the large body of Unitarian Christians. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the views commented on, will not by our adversaries be charged as a part of the Unitarian creed.

G.

For the Register and Observer.

IN MEMORY OF C. C. H****,

Who died in Cambridgeport, February 16, 1841.

We miss our little loving Charles,
Within his pleasant home,
With small feet rambling in and out,
Through every door and room.
We met him, loitering on the stairs,
We met him in the hall,
And stooped to kiss the lifted face
We never may recall.

We miss him from the garden paths,
Where he so loved to be;
For we were sure among the flowers,
Of Charlie's company.
And tears fall like the rain, when we
Think on his winning ways,
And lovely promise that he gave
Of good and happy days.

How trustful was he in his love!
How plain we read his heart,
Through the clear azure of his eyes,
Without a shade of art.
And merry was he in his play,
Thoughtful and sweet withall;
While grave as from a chancellor,
His half-lisped words would fall.

It seemed to us that he 'spoke pearls,'
And fairy phrases said;
Alas! those gifted ruby lips
Are silent with the dead,
To say no more his daily prayer,
Or breathe his infant hymn,
Ere closed his eyes, as violets shut,
At evening twilight dim.

Sweet little Charles! with his clear brow
And gentle tones and grace;
How has he left, 'in heart and home
A void and silent place!'
Sweet little Charles! his mission 's done,
One full of light and love;
And now, a cherub, he 's about
Bright ministries above.

L.

Boston.

DUDLEIAN LECTURE.

The Annual Dudleian Lecture, was delivered on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at the College Chapel, Cambridge, by the Rev. David Damon, of West Cambridge.

The subject in course this year was the Roman Catholic Church. The Lecturer quoted the words of the founder Judge Dudley, in appointing and describing the subject of this Lecture, as an exhibition of the manner in which at that time a sincere and devout Protestant expressed his honest opinions respecting the Catholic Church, and then quoted from Catholic authors, to show the spirit in which the Church had replied—a comparison not much to the advantage of either party. He contended that it was time that the Christian world had done with brawling and hard names, and that the cause, which is defensible, be defended upon its own merits. He then set forth the scriptural and philosophical argument against the idea, which lies at the bottom of the Catholic Church, that of a supreme, universal, infallible, spiritual hierarchy, controlling the faith and conscience of the world. He illustrated its inconsistency with the Savior's instructions, with the spirit of Christianity, with the character and organization of the Apostolic Churches, as gathered from the latter portions of the New Testament, and with the intellectual and moral progress of the world. He showed that it could not stand before that progress; that it had fallen, and must continually abate its high pretensions till the Papal Church took its position on a footing of equality with other Christian sects. He alluded to the supposed reaction in favor of the Catholic Church at this time, and considered the accounts to be greatly exaggerated. In conclusion, he spoke of the condition and influences of the Catholic Church in this country, condemned the folly and wickedness of destroying its convents, or in any way opposing or persecuting Catholics, and ended with some pertinent addresses to the Students of the University, upon the duties they owed to the great cause of religious liberty and truth. The Lecture was a very able performance, and we trust that in some form it will be given to the public.

UNCHRISTIAN TREATMENT OF THE FIJEANS.

Messrs. Editors,—In the New York Journal of Commerce for Saturday last, a correspondent who notices the Funeral Discourse on the lamented officers Lieut. Underwood and Midshipman Henry, has disclosed some circumstances in his extenuation, as he thinks, of the slaughter by which their deaths were avenged, that seems, in reality, to deepen the shade of that dark act of retaliation. In reference to the report that every male adult among the Islanders had been massacred, and that if so, the punishment was, PERHAPS, *too* severe; he goes on to copy the official statement made to the Secretary of the Navy, that the interment of the slain officers took place on an uninhabited Island, two miles off, on the 25th July, and on the 26th the commandant of the Expedition returned with all the force at his disposal, and being joined by the Porpoise, deliberately commenced the work of destruction on two of the towns, which were reduced to ashes; wounding and killing many of the warriors, among whom were those principally concerned in the attack upon our officers.' So bloody a sacrifice, after the manner of the ancient Heathens was made to their manes! Nor was this done in hot blood, on the instant, when the sudden fate of their comrades might have maddened the party to an outbreak of fury, (as was at first supposed,) the only palliation for a vengeance so sanguinary and indiscriminate; but coolly, wilfully, and with calculation!

Life for life, is all that justice could have been authorized to exact, under the circumstances of the case; and the perpetrators of the murder might have been forcibly demanded and delivered up to satisfy the claim. Instead of which, one is shocked and sickened with the mockery of justice and abuse of language, which vaunts the results of this successful devastation—considering the superiority of the invaders, almost as cowardly as it was cruel —'and which flatters itself the whole affair has now terminated!' an 'effective lesson,' an 'instance of exemplary punishment tempered with mercy,' a 'beneficial effect on the natives of the group;' since the remnant of the wretched Fijeans were reduced, after the ravages of fire and sword, humbly to sue on their knees for pardon and peace, promising forbearance for the future, and furnishing supplies for their Victors!

It seems now a time and place to inquire what are the powers granted to Expeditions of this sort, and what is to be estimated as their real character. Is it pacific or belligerent? Does it accord with the instructions of the Government or inclinations of the People, for them in such emergencies as may not be unlikely to occur, to be suffered with impunity to '*out herod Herod*,' and show themselves more barbarous than the Barbarians they disown?

At all events it is hoped a *Christian* Register may bear testimony against an outrage so abhorrent to the precepts and principles of Christianity; and at the approaching National Fast, among the causes for humiliation, and deprecating the Divine displeasure, the waste of life and property among the Fijee Islanders, which marks the fatal era of their first intercourse with the white men may not be forgotten.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Society will be held at the Rev. Dr Channing's Church in Federal Street on Wednesday Evening, May 26th at 7 1-2 oclock. The Annual Report of the Corresponding Secretary will be read. Addresses from several gentlemen may be expected, and other interesting exercises.

The members, including all clergymen, Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools are requested to assemble in the Vestry in Berry Street at 7 o'clock, preparatory to attending the services in the Church, where seats will be reserved for them.

S. G. SIMPKINS, *Recording Secretary.*

ERRATUM.—In our notice last week of the Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, for 'the a priori *infidel* argument' read 'the a priori *deistical* argument.'

The ordination of Mr Charles C. Shackford over the 'Hawe's Place Congregational Society' will take place in South Boston, on Wednesday afternoon next. Sermon, by Rev. Mr Parker of Roxbury.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The American Unitarian Association will hold its sixteenth Annual Meeting on Tuesday evening, the 25th inst.

The meeting for business will be in the Berry street Vestry, at 6 1-2 o'clock; and the public meeting will be in the Federal street church, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

The Annual meeting of the Council of the Association will be held on Thursday, the 27th in the Berry street Vestry, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES BRIGGS, *Gen. Sec. A. U. A.*

INTELLIGENCE.

A venerable Minister.—The Rev. Dr. Ripley, of this town, completed his *ninetieth year* on the first day of the present month. Last Sabbath afternoon he preached to his Society. The doctor is very feeble, although considering his very advanced age, his bodily and mental powers have been remarkably preserved. He has often, of late, expressed a desire to preach once more to his people, and the last Sabbath was considered a good opportunity. The Doctor ascended the pulpit stairs with difficulty, though without assistance, and performed his duties in the desk much better than could have been expected—His sermon was extempore, and was from the following text, found in Ecclesiastes, xii. 13, 14.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

The Doctor commended the lesson contained in this passage of Scripture to the hearts of his hearers, with much force and feeling, and with that plainness and practical good sense which has ever been his characteristic. He spoke of the long acquaintance he had had with the Society, and of his anxious endeavors to do them good—of his regret that his Ministry had been attended with no more signal success. With much feeling he alluded to the harmony which had always existed between himself and his Society, and of the kindness which they had ever shown him, and more especially since he had become 'worn out and worthless.' He spoke of the work which the Society had undertaken, of building a new house of worship, and hoped that they would be prospered in it, and that they would continue united and harmonious. He took an affectionate leave of his people, saying that it was not probable that he should ever speak to them again from that place.—The Doctor's remarks were protracted to about the usual length of a sermon, and were listened to with profound attention. His people were glad once more to hear the voice which had always been faithful and true to them, and there was a mournful pleasure in listening again to the feeble utterance of the man who for more than sixty years had labored for their good, and whose heart was still anxious for their welfare. The blessings of all who heard him accompanied him to his home, and their prayers went up that he might live yet many years.

The following facts in relation to Dr. Ripley may be new to some of our readers, particularly the younger portion.

Rev. Ezra Ripley was born at Woodstock, Connecticut, on the 1st of May, 1751. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1776. In the spring of 1778 he was invited to Concord, and was ordained the 7th of November in that year. He was chosen Pastor with great unanimity, there being 94 votes for him, and only one against him. He continued to supply the pulpit without assistance for more than fifty years. In 1829 he made a formal request for a colleague.—His request was complied with, and the Rev. Mr. Goodwin was settled in 1830. From the time of Dr. Ripley's ordination to that of his colleague, 383 persons were admitted to the church in full communion, 449 owned the covenant, 1541 were baptised, 101 were regularly dismissed, and one was excommunicated. During 40 years of his Ministry, not a single individual paid a ministerial tax to any other Society. Dr. Ripley stated in his half-century sermon in 1828, that he had written more than 2500 sermons.

Concord Republican.

Important Invention.—A patent was recently obtained in England for the manufacture of Staves, the preparation of which is said to be so simple and so effectual as to promise a revolution in this most important branch of cooperage. An American invention of this character, called the 'Patent Rotary Stave Cutting Machine,' and one possessing many advantages over that used in England, is now in successful operation in this country. The superiority of that used here is demonstrated by the fact, that it is more simple in its construction, is managed with more facility, and throws off, in the same length of time, a larger amount of finished stock. The two machines operate alike in cutting leaves from solid blocks of wood, previously steamed for the purpose of softening and seasoning. In both, the waste steam of the engine is used for this purpose. In both, at the expense of but two or three horse power, the wood is cut like cheese, without offering any apparent resistance to the knife, and without the slightest waste in saw-dust, shavings or chips. In the English patent the leaves cut from the block are passed through *two machines*, to bring them to the required shape for the cask intended. In this operation, it most essentially varies from the American patent. This, at *one movement*, cuts out the stave in the curved shape, chamfers, crozes, and pares the ends; the last three processes mentioned requiring a separate labor of hands in the English manufacture of the stave.

In the operation of the American patent it is apparent there must be a great saving of time, labor and expense. In the science of mechanics it is one of the most important improvements of the age, and must produce an entire revolution in the trade effected by the invention. The proprietors of the patent '*Rotary Stave-Cutting Machine*,' Messrs Charles A. Locke & Co. of this city, are now erecting an establishment here for the manufacture of the patent Staves.

In the course of two months, or less, the whole will be in full operation. We understand that this valuable invention will be exhibited in New-York, and the Southern and Western States, as soon as the machinery can be prepared for operation, which will be in the course of three months, when the proprietors will offer for sale the right of using it in the different States.

The President.—The anxiety of the public respecting this vessel continues without abatement, although the opinion seems to be gaining ground that her course is run. Rumors were current yesterday of her arrival at Halifax and Bermuda, but on tracing them they were found to be without foundation.

The most probable statement that has yet appeared, seeming to throw any light upon the painful matter in suspense, was brought to this port some days ago by a British bark, the Recovery, from the port of Bristol. Her captain, Bowman, is said to have reported that on the 28th of March, when off the Azores, he saw at a great distance the hull of a large ship, dismasted, which he took to be a man-of-war; and that about the same time he saw fragments of spars, casks, &c. floating on the water. This is supposed to have been the President.

An investigation of this report is to be made tomorrow, before the British consul, when perhaps something will be elicited, leading to a definite conclusion.

We have received the following note from the agents and consignees of the President in this city, in answer to a letter we addressed to those gentlemen this morning:

'As relates to the President we still have hope. She was as well found in all respects as any ship that ever left this port.—She was in capital order, well manned and officered.

'Her commander, Roberts, is a man of superior ability, and her engineer one of the best out of Great Britain; he had always been in the British Queen, and, for his superior management of her engine for two years, he received from the company a gold present of the value of fifty guineas. No ship was ever better equiped.

'The miserable bugbears about her being hogged, figged, &c. are too ridiculous for a moment's credence. We do not say that she is safe, notwithstanding her superior strength and equipments, for we know that human strength cannot cope with Omnipotence, but we hope so, notwithstanding we have been distressed beyond measure.' —*N. Y. Com.*

Catholics in the United States.—The Nashville Banner says, 'The number of Catholic Bishops in the U. States is 14, of priests 501, and of Catholics generally 1,300,000.

Catholicism in France.—A French correspondent of a London paper who seems to write as though he understood the subject of which he treats, says that Catholicism has but a very feeble hold of the respect or affections of the French people. The churches of Paris are very thinly attended except when some very celebrated and popular preacher officiates, or when it is known that the music will be of a superior order. For some years after the accession of Louis Philip he stood aloof from the clergy, but was finally induced to favor the partisans of Popery, on the rise of the republican party, so as not to have two parties to contend with at the same moment. But it is stated that notwithstanding all the advances of the Government it is far from having gained the attachment of the Romish clergy. But the Romish clergy, are not agreed among themselves. There are various parties all ambitions of influence; and the most bigoted of them feel the necessity of yielding to the call for light among the common people. This conformity however, is too evidently hollow-hearted,—more a pretence than a reality. This is illustrated by the following extract from the correspondence alluded to;—

'The Abbe de Genoude has publishe l a translation of the Bible, in order to prove that it is not desired to interdict its being read by the people. But the commentaries which accompany his translation render this Bible so costly that the people cannot buy it.'

This correspondent makes also the following statement.

'The Abbe de Genoude is likewise the purchaser, or one of the purchasers, of the famous College of Sorese, in the south of France.—This college was once very renowned for the excellent studies pursued there. The Protestant families and such as professed liberal principles, used to send their children to this college, and with the greater confidence, as they were kept from the influence of the priests, and there being also a Protestant chaplain attached to it. Since the Abbe de Genonde has become the proprietor of this vast and ancient establishment, the Protestant families have been obliged to withdraw their children, as well as all other parents who do not countenance Jesuitical principles.'

Temperance in Ireland.—Father Mathew continues his successful labors in Ireland. A recent Dublin paper states that he was not long since at Newtonbarry, where he administered the temperance pledge in one day to 24,000 persons.

A report has been industriously calculated, that a great reaction had taken place, on the subject of abstinence from intoxicating drinks. The falsity of this report is shown by the following extract from a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Bristol Society.

'The 17th of 3rd month, called Patrick's Day, was formerly spent in drunkenness by men and women in Cork, but I have the pleasure of informing thee, that on this day I did not see *one* drunken man or woman in our city, and it was most cheering to witness the deserted appearance of the dramshops and their tap-rooms. I looked from the street into several on my way home in the evening. After this, who would dare to say that the teetotalers of Cork are not keeping the pledge.

A gentleman of Dublin writes thus to the editor of the Leeds Mercury, in which paper the statement appeared on March 20th.

'Our public hospitals bear abundant evidence also of the improved health of the people. I was informed lately by a young surgeon, that the want of broken limbs, &c., is severely felt, as subjects for young practitioners; also that there is a greatly increased difficulty in getting bodies for dissection.—In our largest hospital there has been but one case of *delirium tremens* (whiskey fever) for several months past, and even that a doubtful one, although formerly it was not uncommon to have *twenty or thirty at one time*. Deaths from fever have much decreased.'

The Plymouth (Eng.) Breakwater is nearly a mile in length, is 15 yards wide at top, and six feet above high water mark. It has been 28 years in progress, has consumed 3,362,727 tons of stone, and cost £1,200,000.

Phenomena of Sound.—In the arctic regions, persons can converse at more than a mile distant, when the thermometer is below zero. In air, sound travels from 1130 to 1142 feet per second. In water, sound passes at the rate of 4708 feet per second. Sound travels, in air, about 900 feet for every pulsation of a healthy person, at 75 in a minute. A bell sounded under water, may be heard under water at 1200 feet distance. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance, on water that they are on land. In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at an elevation of three or four miles. On Table Mountain a mile above Cape Town, every noise in it, and even words, may be heard distinctly. The firing of the English, on landing in Egypt, was distinctly heard 130 miles on the sea. Dr. Jameson says, in calm weather he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Charles W. G. Manfield, of Boston, to Miss Sarah H. daughter of Mr Edward D. Blossom, of Hingham.

In this city, 6th inst., Titus Welles, Esq. to Henrietta Simpson, daughter of the late Jonathan Simpson, Esq.

In Medfield, on the 29th ult., by Rev. Charles Robinson, Mr Geo. F. Adams of Waltham, to Miss Martha A. Barker, of Cambridge.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Nathaniel P. Snelling, 33.

On Monday last, Mr. Joseph G. Bacon, 42.

Monday morning, Harriet S. wife of Jonathan M. Dexter Esq. 44.

Monday, of consumption, Mrs. Maria T. Whipple, 24, wife of Mr. John Leach Whipple, and daughter of Sylvanus Thomas, Esq.

In Waltham, 5th ult. Gen. Jonathan Coolidge, 82.

In Windsor, Vt. 18th ult. Anne Elisabeth, 26, daughter of Hon. Horace Everett.

Died in Boxboro', Mass., April 29th, after a short illness, Oliver T. Davis Esq., aged 78 years.

As a parent, he was tender and affectionate, as a neighbor, he was kind and obliging, and therefore his numerous circle of relatives and friends will deeply feel their loss. Let them seek the aid of their Heavenly Father in this hour of trial, and may he shower down his mercy upon them, and grant them that assistance which is necessary for their happiness, and which will in the end redound to his honor and glory; and may this dispensation of his Divine Providence be sanctified unto the bereaved wife and children of the deceased for their spiritual and everlasting good.

ENGLISH BOOKS, per Britannia.—Curie's Practice of Homœopathy, 8vo
do Domestic Homœopathy, 18mo
Pictorial Bible History, 140 plates, 12mo
The Lyre—Fugitive Poetry of the 19th Century
The Laurel— do do do
My Life; by an Ex-Dissenter, 12mo
The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, by William Thomas Lowndes, 4 vols 8vo
Murdock's Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 4 vols 8vo
The Domestic Management of the Sick Room, necessary in aid of Medical Treatment for the cure of Diseases
No. 89 Maps published by the Soc. of Useful Knowledge.
For sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. m 15

NEW MANUAL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Scripture Truths in Questions and Answers, for the of Sunday Schools and Families. 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'

'This little manual is conceived on an excellent plan, and executed with ability. It forms a very valuable addition to our stock of Sunday School books, and will, we hope, be widely adopted. The author has thrown the book into the form of question and answer, the answer being for the most part in Scripture language; so that, while the child is receiving his religious instruction in a methodical manner, he is at the same time storing up in his memory the most pregnant passages of the Old and New Testaments.'—Christian Examiner.

Just published, and for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. a 24

SIXTH EDITION OF PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS of the Bible and Views in the Holy Land.—Upwards of 11,000 copies of this work have been sold. Price only two dollars.

'Messrs Saxton & Pierce have published a handsome volume, containing two hundred Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible, and Views of the Holy Land. The engravings are on wood, and many of them fine. They embrace the sketches and representations of the first artists and tourists of ancient and modern times—the Cartoons of Raffaelle, the Frescoes of Michael Angelo, the Pictures of Domenichino, Poussin, Rubens, Guido, Rembrandt, Salvator Rosa, and others, with the Illustrations of Calmet, Light, Montfaucon, Laborde, and many more who have written on the Bible, or visited the countries it describes. The work will be interesting to all who wish to understand the allusions in the Holy Scriptures to the various manners and customs of the East, and to be introduced, by means of pleasing pictures, to the most interesting scenes and places described in the best of Books. We cordially recommend the work to all such, as a cheap and pleasing series of illustrations of eastern scenery and customs, as connected with writings in which all have an interest.—*American Traveller.*

Orders should be addressed (if by mail post paid) to SAXTON & PEIRCE, Publishers, 133 1-2 Washington street. my 15

LETTER AND BILLET PAPER.—From $1 to $5 a Ream—Ruled and plain. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court st. epistf may 15

REMARKS ON CURRENCY AND BANKING. Having reference to the present derangement of the circulating medium in the United States, by Nathan Appleton. This day published by LITTLE & BROWN, 112, Washington st. may 15

VALUABLE THEOLOGICAL WORKS, for sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington st.—Jeremy Taylor's Works, 3 vols—Hooker's Works, 4 vols—Sermon by the Rev C. W. Le Bas, 3 vols—Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp—Bartlett's Memoirs of Bishop Butler, Butler's Works—Well's Geography of the Old and New Testament, 8vo—The Works of Leighton—Berkeley, Toplady, Cave's Lives of the Fathers, 3 vols—Library of the Fathers, 6 vols—Wrangham's Waltoni Prolegomena, 2 vols—Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England—Fuller's Worthies of England, 3 vols—Echard's Ecclesiastical History, folio—Burnet's Reformation by Dr Nares, 4 vols—Leland's Deistical Writers, 8vo—Life and times of Archbishop Laud, 2 vols—Tillotson's Works, 6 vols—Bishop Andrews' Sermons, 8vo —Dick's Theology, 2 vols—Griffin's Sermons 2 vols —Dwight's Theology, 4 vols. m 15.

R. E. DIXON, successor to GEO. H. GAY, Dentist Removed to No. 9 Winter Street. july 13

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.—Worcester's Outlines of Scripture Geography, with an Atlas containing the following maps.

1. The world exhibiting the countries mentioned in the Old Testament.
2. Journeyings of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan.
3. Judah and Israel with the Division of the Twelve Tribes.
4. Palestine or the Holy Land.
5. Ancient Jerusalem with its Environs.
6. Map illustrative of the Travels of St Paul.

The New Testament, with an introduction giving an account of Jewish and other sects, with notes illustrating obscure passages and explaining obsolete words and phrases; by J. A. Cummings, author of Ancient and Modern Geography.

Fourth edition, revised and improved.

Channing's Catechism—The Worcester Association Catechism—Bible Biography.

Published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS. m15

LETTER PAPER.—Just received at the Tremont Stationery Room, a fresh supply of ruled and plain Letter Paper, and Note Paper, at a very low price. Also on hand, an excellent assortment of Letter Paper, from the mills of Hubbard, Smith & Co, Butler, Ames, Kendall, and Gilpin; English Letter and Note Paper; Cap and Pot Paper, very thick, suitable for country schools; for sale on the most favorable terms, by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. my8

ENGLISH BOOKS *per Britannia.*—Received this day at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets—Walpole's Letters, just published, 6 vs, illustrated: Timpson's Key to the Bible, plates: Crowze on Oil Painting, colored plates: Standard Library of Poetry, 1st and 2d series: The Spectator, a new and beautiful edition, with plates by Finden: Robinson Crusoe, new edition, 8vo illustrated: fine editions of Milton: American Scenery, 2 vols 4to, with fine plates: Woodland Rambles, illustrated: Naturalist's Rambles: Junius' Letters, new edition: Histoire Naturelle, 150 colored engravings: The Queen of Flowers; Tyas' Legal Hand Book; Tyas' Hand Book of Coins; Book of Mottos; Treatise on the five senses; Grammar of Botany, by Francis; Tyas' Shakspeare, No. 1; Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry; Abridgement of Butler's Geography; Mangali's Geography; Keightley's Outlines of History; Plans of Cities; Lolby on the Brain; Wilson's Vade Mecum; Crowther on mad houses; Greenwood's Studies of Trees; Cooper's First lines of Surgery, &c. &c. &c. Also, all the current English Medical Periodicals. m 7

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR CLERGYMEN.—Clergymen visiting the city during Anniversary Week, will find a room fitted up for their use, in the rear of our store, where they can have access to the different newspapers, periodicals, &c &c

All who are so disposed are requested to make use of this room at their pleasure, during their stay in the city. Entrance 118 Washington street, second store north of Water street. WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. m 15

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPOSITORY—118 Washington street.

List No. II.

In addition to the List published in the Register of last week, the subscribers have also among their collection of Sabbath School Books, the following;—

My Guiding Star	Our Savior's Days
Alice Bradford	Lark's Nest
Bible Illustrations	Moral Teacher
Biography of Buckminster	Ministry of Jesus Christ
Gallaudets Natural Theology	Mother at Home
Nichols's Natural Theology	Child at Home
Paley's Natural Theology	Parley's Tales
Child's Duties	Bible Cyclopedia
Juvenile Budget Opened	Pictures and Stories
Choice Emblems	Pleasing Stories
Pleasing Moralist	Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man
The Evergreen	Early Rising
Life's Lessons	Simple Truths
Live and Let Live	Curious Antiquities
Life of Howard	Hedge of Thorns
Life of St. Paul	Book for the Sabbath
Life of Peter	Life of Heber
Life of Daniel	Parent's Friend
Life of Elijah	Providence Illustrated
Life of Elisha	Procrastination
Lives of the Apostles	Looking Glass for the Mind
Lives of the Patriarchs	Dew of Israel
Innocent Poetry	Visit to the Country
Calendar of Nature	Past Days
Transplanted Flowers	Lines of Foreigners
Bible Stories	Brooklyn Swamp
Memoir of Whitman	Mountain Cottage
Duties of Young Men	Parley's Wonders
Ellen Clifford	The Seasons
Hints to Sunday School Teachers	Falsehood and Truth
Fox's Ministry of Christ	Eliza Thornton
Charles Clifford	Elnathan
Village Poems	Traditions of Palestine
Little Truths	&c &c &c &c &c

WILLIAM CROSBY & CO.
m 15 118 Washington street.

ENGLISH BOOKS, by the Columbia; just received.—Waverley Novels, new edition, vol 1, 12mo
Moore's Poetical Works, vol 6
Jameson's Eastern Manners, illustrative of the Epistles
Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusalem, 12mo
Martin's Holiday Book, or Treasury of Knowledge, 12mo
Knowles's Dramatic Works, 2 vols 12mo
Hazlitt's Lectures on Comic Writers, 12mo
Fugitive Verses, by Joanna Baillie, 12mo
Magdalenism in Edinburgh, 8vo
The Art of Needlework, by the Countess of Wilton, 12mo
The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, 2 vols 8vo
Barbauld's Legacy for Young Ladies, 12mo
do Female Speaker, 12mo
Selections from the New Testament, or the Religion, Morality and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, by Sarah Austin, 12mo
Martin's Natural History of Man and Monkeys, 8vo
London, Nos. 4 and 5, illustrated
The Christian Teacher, for April
The Christian Reformer, for April
La Trobe's Scripture Illustrations, 4to, 84 plates
The Works of Montaigne, edited by William Hazlitt
The Letters of Horace Walpole, 6 vols 8vo
Life and Letters of Wilberforce,

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THOUGHTS.

Why mourn we for the dead? Doth the heart throb
With bitter anguish, when the infant sinks
To quiet slumber in its mother's arms,
And its young spirit dreams of peace and heaven?
Doth it spread o'er our souls a robe of gloom,
To see the placid smile that wreathes its lip,
And the calm joy that gleams upon its brow?
And when the vesper carol of the bird
Has melted in the evening air away,
When the last golden day-beam in the west
Is lost in twilight shadows, and the eye
In vain may strive to trace to its abode
The orb that shines upon our path, do tears
Bedew the spot that hides it? When the rose
Folds up its blushing petals, that the breath
Of night take not its beauteous hues away;
And when upon the stream the lily shuts
Its fragile leaves, and bows its snowy head,
Doth it disturb us that a hand unseen
Hides for a moment all its glorious rays?
Do our feet turn with cheerless steps away,
When from the hills the verdant mantle flies,
And the sweet grove casts off its robe of green?

No, No! There is a soft-voiced echo in the heart,
That whispers of a yet returning spring;
That kindles hope of brighter hues to come,
And robs of all its gloom, the present hour.
Why mourn then, for the blest, the happy dead!
Just like the infant, who so sweetly sleeps,
And dreams of Paradise, thus rest the good,
In those celestial realms where come no thoughts
Of earthly woe, to break their soft repose.
Like the sweet bird whose gladsome song has ceased
But to awake to lovelier strains, thus rest
The voices that have cheered our drooping hearts,
Only to be attuned to seraph lays.
Just as the sun sinks in the western sky,
And with reflected ray doth pause and take
A mild farewell of earth, only to rise
In deeper beauty on the morrow's dawn,
Thus when the Christian sinks into the grave,
There lingers round the spot a halo bright,
That points above, and bids us seek him there.
And as the rose and lily fold them up
To 'scape the blighting storm, thus do they pass
To where no tempests gather in the sky,
And no dark clouds their bright horizon bound.

Mourner, away, and smile! Wouldst thou shed tears
For one whose bark across the stream of death
Hath peacefully been borne and moored at last
By the celestial shore? Wouldst thou shed tears,
For those who ne'er will turn again to earth,
To feel its chilling breath upon their hearts,
And its rude storms on their unsheltered heads?
No! rather with a smile of peace look up
To the eternal sunshine of their home,
And in the path still with their footsteps bright,
Follow thou on, till thou shalt enter there.

Waltham. L. B. T.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACOT; AN ADVENTURE ON BOVRD THE ST GEORGE.

The packet ship St. George left New-York, bound to London, on the first of May, 183–. It was towed, as is customary, to Sandy Hook by a steamer filled with the passengers and their friends. A passage across the Atlantic is now of such common occurrence, that it no longer excites the sensations it did even ten years ago; but there is still sufficient danger hovering over that wide ocean, which, added to the uncertainties of a long absence, gives a deep interest to the parting scene. . . . The most careless observer must have felt that morning on board the St George the beauty of the various bonds by which the human family are bound together. From all this social pain and pleasure there was but one excluded. This was a little girl, who might be thirteen, possibly fourteen years old, for she was thin and delicately formed. She was dressed in mourning.

I said she was alone, and she was without father, mother, or friend, kith or kind; but she had beside her a parrot, which in some sort served the necessity of her nature, and was a companion to her. Her eye would turn from those whose tears seemed to her but as the signs of blessings, to her parrot, and smiled as she thought 'they have to part with their relations, I take all I have with me.'

A gentleman and lady were walking past the cage; they stopped, and the lady asked, with an air, at best bordering on insolence, 'Is that thing going in the ship?'

'Do you mean my parrot—Jacot?' replied the girl.

'Yes.'

'The captain has given me leave to take him.'

'How tiresome!' exclaimed the lady. 'Is the creature noisy?' she added, after a moment's pause.

'Why, Jacot is fond of talking—ain't you, Jacot?'

'Call you that *talking*?' answered the lady, shrugging her shoulders: 'parrots are all detestable, and this will torment my life out. Cecil,' turning to her husbahd, 'you had best get the creature taken back—where are your people, child?'

'I have not any people, ma'am.'

'Your friends, I mean; have none of them come down with you?'

'I have no particular friends—except Jacot,' she added, turning to him with a smile. She had uttered the painful truth. Poor Lucy Arnott was friendless—alone in the world with her parrot, but with a most happy, sweet, and cheerful disposition, that could extract society, affection, and great enjoyment out of this individual of a species the least sentimental of the feathered tribe.

Lucy's parents were English. Her father had incurred the lasting displeasure of his family by marrying a woman of a rank much inferior to his, without any dowry but beauty, a resolute mind, and a kind heart. Had her husband's friends taken the trouble to know her, they would have forgiven him; but they were violent, and, before the storm blew over, he rashly came to America. Here he embarked in various kinds of business; but, being qualified for none, he succeeded in none. His wife supported herself and her only child—our friend Lucy. Mrs Arnott died when Lucy was ten, and she was then thrown entirely on her father's care. He loved his child, but, as the strong principle of self-love had never enabled him to take care of himself, there was little chance for poor Lucy. He went with her from lodging to lodging, seldom paying his bills, so that Lucy, who was sure every-where to engage affection, or, at least, get good-will, never dared to look an old acquaintance in the face. Finally, when she was about twelve years old, her father sickened and died suddenly. Aware of the approach of death, he sent for the British consul, and, telling him his real name (he had passed by an assumed one), he begged that his child might be sent to his friends in England. The condition of the orphan being made known to some of her countrymen, a subscription was easily raised to pay her passage; a letter from her father, dictated in his dying hour, was previously forwarded to England, and she and her parrot were embarked, without any 'particular friends' to part from, and, as her experience informed her, without friends of any sort to receive her. The parrot had been given her by a fellow-lodger, a French West India girl, who had taught him a variety of French and English phrases, and made it, as Lucy thought, the most interesting creature in the world.

'This is something extremely odd,' said the husband of the parrot-hating lady, in reply to Lucy's declaration that she had 'no particular friends;' 'but some one should have told you child, that you have no right to bring your nuisances on board ship.'

'Nuisance! Jacot a nuisance, sir! you don't know him. Monique said Jacot would be as good on board as a play-actor; all the neighbors like Jacot, and every one that goes along our street stops to speak with him. I am sure that no one that knows Jacot would call him a nuisance.'

'There is no use in saying any more about it at present,' resumed the lady; 'only, child, make up your mind, if he annoys us, we must have his neck wrung.'

'Oh, he'll not annoy you, ma'am; and I am sure, when you come to know him, you would as soon think of having a person's neck wrung as Jacot's.'

Lucy, at first, sat down on the deck beside her parrot. She had no great apprehension that the wrong the lady had threatened would be inflicted; but the parrot was her all, the only familiar thing in her new and strange position; and, besides, there was probably some little feeling of anxiety awakened, for she brooded over it as one does over a dear friend who has been menanced with danger.

Towards evening the wind changed, and blew strongly from the east, with a cold rain. The ship rolled and tost unmercifully, and poor Lucy, yielding to the selfishness of sea-sickness, was glad enough to have her favorite placed in a position the steward had provided for him over the round-house, and to be herself conducted to her berth.

On the fourth day the storm subsided, and the passengers began to creep from their berths, and Lucy among the rest. While some were telling the dismal story of their experience during the storm, she stole up the companion way to look after Jacot, with the feeling that she had been a very unfaithful friend to him; and certainly she was not much comforted by the sight of him. He looked weather-beaten and sorry enough, his feathers drizzling, and his head hanging down with the most forsaken desolate expression; and every word she could get from him, in answer to her coaxing and caresses, was his usual expression of displeasure, 'Jacot's sorry and sad.' At this moment the captain accosted her, and asked her 'what Pol said.' She interpreted for him; and the captain, perceiving her voice trembled, and that tears were stealing down her cheeks, and being a very good-natured man, said, 'It is, indeed, sad and sorry enough for him here; Pol loves warm weather. You shall have him in the ladies' cabin if they make no objection, and I think they will not if he is tolerably quiet.'

'Oh, I am sure he will be quiet,' said Lucy; 'I have had the hardest work to get a word out of him; he never talks much when the sun does not shine; and I believe it never shines at sea, does it sir?'

'Why, not very often, my dear,' replied the captain, laughing; 'parrots would make poor sea-farers; but take courage; if you take good care of Pol, and we have a short passage, I think you'll get him safe over.' Poor Pol was destined to more perils than the captain foresaw.

It is delightful to see out of what small and seemingly inadequate materials children will extract happiness. In this they teach a lesson to many a one older and wiser (or so called) than they. From the moment Lucy got her favorite installed in the cabin, and saw him getting into heart again, as he did so soon as he felt the warmth of his new position and the presence of his mistress, she was the cheerfullest passenger in the ship. No one would have suspected she was a friendless little orphan, without a home on either side of the ocean, going from a world of strangers to be cast on those who had been colder than strangers to her and hers.

Jacot proved to be a social blessing in the cabin. Anything that serves to vary the monotony of sea-life, and drive away ennui, is there acceptable. His phrases, at first unintelligible except to Lucy, were soon learned by every one in the ship; and, whether from accident or instinct, no one pretended to say, he marvellously well applied them. His cage hung opposite the door that opened into the ladies cabin; and as often as a certain mustached youth, with long curled tresses, passed before him, he exclaimed, 'Ah, que je suis charmant!' (how charming I am!) The satire was so often repeated that the poor youth forswore his curls, and, at the end of the voyage, shaved off his darling mustache.

All thus went on smoothly for Lucy, till one day, coming down from the deck, she found stretched on the sofa the lady who, on the day of embarkation, had declared war on Jacot. She occupied a state room opening into the gentlemen's cabin, and, as she had not before emerged from it, Lucy had quite forgotten her. When she came into the cabin, she only replied to the ladies' kind inquiries of whether she had been 'very ill,' 'if she were better,' &c., by monosyllables; and she responded to the general movement to resign the sofa to her and adjust the pillows only by a nod of the head. On her first appearance in the cabin, and when she had not been more than half an hour there, and Jacot had not spoken more than twice, she had each time exclaimed 'detestable!' and the next day, the parrot being rather more talkative, she called Livy the stewardess and said, 'I can't endure that creature; you must take him on deck.'

'The captain has given the little girl leave to have him here,' whispered Livy.

'Give my compliments to the captain, and request him to order the little beast removed.'

Livy returned soon from her bootless embassy. 'The captain was sorry Mrs Wesley was disturbed; but, as it was raining and cold on deck, he did not like to put the parrot out—it might kill him.'

'It is a most impertinent proceeding, miss,' said Mrs Wesley, for the first time vouchsafing to speak to Lucy, 'to bring this odious creature here; I have not a notion how any one can have the patience to bear it.'

'No one has complained, ma'am,' said Lucy; 'instead of that, every one is kind to Jacot and me.'

The lady sent for her husband, and asked if there was no way of getting rid of the detestable thing; and he promised again to appeal to the captain.

The captain said that, as Mrs Wesley's stateroom was in the gentlemen's cabin, she could not according to ship-law, control any matter in the ladies cabin; but that he would himself take the vote of the ladies, and if any one of them voted for the expulsion of the parrot, expelled he must be. Accordingly the captain came below to propose the question. The gentlemen gathered round the ladies' cabin, interested in Lucy's cause not only because they liked her, but because they disliked Mrs Wesley. There were many fears as to the result; for there was one old Quaker lady who, when Jacot was more noisy than usual, had been heard to say, 'I wish thee had not the gift of tongues.'

The captain took his station in the centre of the ladies' cabin, and commanded silence.

Every voice was silent except Jacot's. 'I am scared! I am scared!' he cried.

'Poor Jacot! don't be scared!' whispered Lucy, putting her arm round the cage; and she involuntarily turned her eye to the Old Quaker lady, as if to implore her to be merciful. She smiled, and Lucy was reassured. 'Ladies,' said the captain, 'all who are willing that passenger parrot should remain in the cabin, will please to signify it by holding up their right hands.' Every hand went up, the old Quaker woman's quicker and higher than rest. 'I give you joy, sir,' said the captain, bowing low to Jacot; 'you have carried the day.' There was a clapping of hands and buzzaing in the gentlemen's cabin. Mrs Wesley looked round for her husband: he had wisely remained on deck. She took the matter into her own hands, and said she considered herself grossly insulted. The captain replied that he was very sorry for it; he had meant to do simple justice; that, if he had decided the matter according to the laws of his country, he should only have asked a majority of votes, but he had required unanimity. Mrs Wesley asked if he counted her for nothing; and she put the question as if she were everything, and the rest nothing. He reminded her again, that, by taking her stateroom in the gentlemen's cabin, she had relinquished her right in the ladies'.

This would have been enough for a reasonable person; but Mrs Wesley was anything but reasonable; and Lucy, unwilling to occasion continued discord and complaint, came forward very sweetly with the cage in her hand, and said, 'Captain if there is any other place in the ship where Jacot will be sure not to suffer *very* much, pray take him away from here.'

'No, no, my dear child,' replied the captain; 'Jacot is an adopted citizen, and no one must interfere with his rights.'

One evening, the passengers were attracted to the deck by a clear sunset: a rare as well as a most beautiful sight at sea. Lucy had lain down in her berth with a book, and as the light faded, she had fallen asleep. She was roused by the screeches of her parrot. She flew to him. As she entered the cabin, she fancied some one glided from it; but she was so confused by her sudden waking, and the light was so dim, she could not be sure. The door of the cage was open, and Jacot was screaming 'I am scared! I am scared!' 'What has scared you Jacot?' asked Lucy; but the poor thing could only repeat, 'I am scared! I am scared!' Lucy called to the servant to bring her a light. As he held it to the cage, he pointed out to Lucy a little ball of a white paste half as large as a bullet. On the floor of the cage there was another, broken and mashed; and on looking at the parrot, they saw particles of this white stuff about his beak. 'I should not wonder if this was poison, miss,' said the servant.

'Oh, hush, Thomas, it can't be; no one would be so cruel and wicked; but please bring me a wet sponge from my room; I'll wash his mouth out; and don't say anything about it, Thomas.'

'And so, to keep bad people's secrets, you will let your parrot die?'

'And why should that kill him'

'Why, if any of it has gone down his throat, the doctor may help him if he knows it in time.'

'Then pray, Thomas, call the doctor.' The doctor came, and pronounced the stuff to be sugar and calomel; he doubted the bird having swallowed any, from Lucy's account of its screams. 'There was enough left,' he said, 'to kill twenty parrots, and he might have taken some;' but as he was not accustomed to doctering birds, declined giving any medicine, and advised Lucy to wait the result. 'But who,' he asked, 'could have wished to harm Jacot? I am sure all in the ship are well-wishers to him except Mrs Wesley, and, maybe, her husband; and I have been standing by them on deck for the last half hour.'

'Then it was not Mrs Wesley went out of the cabin when I came into it. Oh, I hope it was no one!'

'This bitter pill for Jacot could not have come here without hands,' said the doctor, smiling.

'No, no,' replied Lucy, hesitating; 'but I do not wish to know the person. I am afraid I should hate her.'

Thomas, as may be supposed, had lost no time in telling the new, startling incident in our bird-hero's life; and, as events on board ship are rare and exciting, it was eagerly communicated, and in less than half an hour the subject of general inquiry and discussion among the passengers.

Suspicion of course, fell on Jacot's declared enemies; but, as they were known to have been on deck at the time of the attempt on his life, it was concluded they had not committed the overt act, and as surely concluded that they were the instigators of their agent Livy.

'Who were the Wesleys?' Luckily, there was one fortunate man on board who knew something about them, and all he knew was quickly circulated. They were English people, and had been for some years residents in Canada. He held an insignificant office there, which he had been tempted to resign by the news that an uncle of his had lost his two sons, and Wesley was now posting home in the hope of succeeding to their inheritance. Heartily did his ship-acquaintance hope he would be disappointed!

The next morning Lucy was bright and early at Jacot's cage, and found him well. Many a royal prince might be proud of as sincere congratulations as were poured in on Jacot's escape from the plots and devices of wicked enemies. The day proved sunny and calm, and Lucy carried Jacot on deck, and was really glad to save Mrs Wesley from the mortification and reproach of seeing him the subject of general interest and attention. It seemed as if he were conscious of his new importance; and, like some others of a higher nature, claimed as his merit what was the result of accident. He talked more, and louder, and clearer than ever, and the ship rung with his peals of laughter. The sailors begged they might have a visit from him on the forward deck. Poor Jacot! It was a brilliant day for him; his sun was brightest at setting. It was a happy day, too, for Lucy. Her peaceful bosom retained no vexing sense of the wrong done her.

The next morning Jacot was found dead on the floor of his cage, his neck wrung! His tragical end was soon made known, and there was a general gathering about Lucy. She sat down on the floor, pouring her tears over her dead favorite, stroking his feathers, holding up his broken neck, first on one side and then on the other, then letting it drop, and exclaiming, 'No, he cannot, he cannot! He never will hold up his head again! He never will speak any more! How could they bear to do it! Poor Jacot!'

Her friends were not so gentle in their expressions. There was an unrestrained burst of indignation; and Mrs Wesley, who was lying on the sofa, was compelled to abide the storm alone, for her husband took care to keep on deck, and Livy wisely shrank from sight. Mrs Wesley, though she was too proud to fly, was not, as she fancied, superior to the manifestation of the disgust and abhorrence she had excited; and, after vainly trying to look on with indifference, she burst into loud hysterical sobs that silenced every other sound. No one offered her apology or assistance, but one after another withdrew, leaving her alone with Lucy and the old Quaker lady.

The moment she was thus freed from observation, Lucy rose, laid her parrot back in his cage, carried it into her stateroom, took off her black silk apron and covered it, and, returning softly to Mrs Wesley's side, 'I forgive you, ma'am; I do really forgive you!'

'I did not ask you to forgive me, child,' replied the woman, her sobs checked—sobs of temper, not of penitence.

'I know you did not ask it ma'am, and I don't suppose you are sorry for what you have done, and that makes me sorrier for you; but, though you don't care for my forgiveness now, perhaps you will some time or other; at any rate, I am so glad that I can forgive you, and that I don't hate at all the person that killed poor Jacot. Now I think I shall never hate any body, for Jacot seemed to me my own relation.'

Lucy spoke with the eloquence of pure goodness, and she touched the heart of the weak, obdurate woman. With a very false shame, she looked round the room to assure herself there was no one to hear her but Lucy, and said, in a low voice, 'I *am* sorry now, child; and, much as I detested your parrot; I would, if I could, restore him to life.'

'Thank you, ma'am—thank you,' said Lucy, so earnestly that Mrs Wesley felt indeed sorry.

Who shall doubt that evil may be overcome by good? but the good must be like Lucy's—pure, unselfish not calculating for, nor expecting a reward.

An hour after, the old Quaker lady called Lucy into her state room, and said to her, 'Tell me, child, if thee canst, where thee got the grace to forgive that woman!'

'I got it from remembering my mother; for, when I saw Jacot lying with his neck twisted, oh! my first thought was, I could scratch out that woman's eyes; but then my mother came into my mind, and such wicked thoughts went away. Those that should have been kind were unkind to her till she died. She never had any anger against them; and she often told me, if any did me wrong, to forgive them, and then I should be sure to have peace; and a great deal more, ma'am, about the comfort of doing as Jesus tells us to do. This is the first time I ever had anything worth while to forgive, for every one is kind to me; and it seemed to me, *after the first*, that I heard my mother's voice telling me what to do.'

'Ah my child, it is God's voice that speaks to us by good parents, and happy are they that hear and obey.'

'I am sure that is true, ma'am, for I have not felt so happy since my mother died as I have this morning, when every one thinks me most unhappy.'

'Thee dost teach me a lesson, child,' said the old lady, wiping a tear from her eye; 'if we were all to use our opportunities as thee hast, this would be a pretty considerable of a bright world.'

The little world in the St. George was brightened by Lucy's virtue. Mrs Wesley began to sit upright on the sofa, to offer little courtesies, and, in short, seemed almost humble. Livy confessed she had a hand in poor Jacot's death, and told Lucy she should never forgive herself. Lucy's fellow passengers, instructed by her example, began to look at Mrs Wesley, and then to speak, and to speak kindly to her. One of the steerage passengers, skilful in that way, stuffed the parrot, and Lucy put him in his cage again, and hung it in her stateroom. 'He looked so natural,' she said, 'as if he would speak to her;' but, poor fellow, he could not speak. 'Well there was one comfort; no one now would ever dislike Jacot!'

The St. George in due time, arrived off Portsmouth, and anchored there to land the passengers before proceeding to London. Several boats came from the shore. In one was a servant in livery, who, on coming upon the deck, inquired if there was not a person on board going to Sir William Rolmer's; at the same time he produced a note he had brought to the captain.

At this mention of Sir William Rolmer, Mr Wesley and his wife exchanged significant glances. Their faces flushed with joy, and Mr Wesley stepped forward, saying, 'I am the person; Sir William is my uncle.'

'Ah, indeed!' said the servant, touching his hat, 'then the carriage is waiting for you. Sir William bade me say the dray would be sent for your luggage; so, if you pleaae, sir, Sir William expects you to lunch.'

While this hint for despatch was given, and most graciously taken by the Wesleys, who were at once in a joyous bustle, though at loss to understand how they should have been expected in the St. George, and delighted thus almost to realize their hopes of fortune, the captain, who had been listening as well as reading his note, coolly folded it, and said, 'There is no occasion for your hurry, Mr Wesley. I have a note here from Sir William Rolmer. He has sent for his grandchild, Lucy Arnott, as she is called. Sir William does not seem to be aware that you are among the passengers; he makes no mention of you in the note. Is it Sir William's chariot that is sent?' he added, turning to the footman. The man replied that it was. 'Then there will be no more than room for Miss Lucy and her cage; so, Mr Wesley, you need not hurry yourself to go in this boat. Come Lucy, my dear; Lucy Rolmer—no longer Lucy Arnott—make yourself ready. Do not tremble, my child,' he whispered to Lucy; 'all is right. Your grandfather says I must tell you that he shall take you to his home and heart.'

Lucy had stood by, an agitated listener and witness from the moment she had heard her grandfather's name. She knew why she had come to England, and to whom she was sent; but as she had participated, from time to time, her father's disappointments in his applications to his father, she had little expectation of being received by him. She did not know that the old man's heart had been softened by the loss of two sons, and that he was now but too happy to open his doors to the only descendant left to him. She had been struck by the discovery that the Wesleys were her relatives; she had gone through, in the few last moments, various and overpowerius sensations; and she was obliged to lean on the captain—almost to be carried by him—as she went down to the cabin to prepare to leave the ship. But accustomed to think and act for herself, she soon surpressed her emotion; and, having despatched her other arrangements, she turned to her old Quaker friend, who had come into her stateroom to assist, and asked her if she would be so very kind as to take charge of her parrot. 'I do not wish you to have the trouble of preserving him, but I should like to be sure he is burried in a garden or some other pretty spot. I will not take him with me. I would not like, as the Wesleys are related to my grandfather, to tell the true story, and I cannot tell any other.'

'Thee is a thoughtful child,' said the Quaker lady, 'and a good one; and the blessing of thy heavenly Father will follow thee in riches as in poverty. Riches have their trials, dear.'

'Oh, I do not want riches,' said Lucy, for the first time yielding to her feelings, sitting down, and giving way to a flood of tears. 'I shall never be happy with my rich, strange relations, as I always was with my dear mother in our worst poverty.'

'Lucy, Lucy!' called the captain, 'the boat must go.' Lucy dashed off the tears, took leave of her kind friend, and looked for the last time at Jacot. She met the Wesleys at the cabin door. How crestfallen! How different their manner to the young heiress from that with which they had accosted the friendless little girl at the beginning of the voyage. 'When Sir William asks you the story of your parrot, you will be so good—will you not—as—as—as not to mention names?'

'Sir William will never ask about my parrot, for he never will see it; and, when we meet again, you will see I only remember we parted friends.'—*Miss Sedgwick.*

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The Evergreen	
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Stories by Miss Sedgwick	
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may 8

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPOSITORY—118 Washton street.

LIST No. I.

Since the last 'Anniversary Week,' the subscribers have made additions to their stock, of nearly all the books suitable for Sabbath School Libraries which have been published, to which they would ask the attention of those wishing to purchase. The following list comprises a part of their assortment.

Channing's Life and Character of Dr Tuckerman	Paul Preston's Adventures
The Well Bred Boy	Jonas's Stories
The Well Bred Girl	Jonas a Judge
Pathway of the Savior	Life of Father Mathew
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Mary Howitt's late works—	Young Man's Assistant
Strive and Thrive	Alda the Captive
Hope on! Hope ever!	Hints to Sunday School Teachers
Sowing and Reaping	Woman's Mission
Who shall be Greatest?	Youth's Sketch Book
Hawthorne's Tales—	Rollo's Travels
Grandfather's Chair	Rollo's Correspondence
Famous Old People	Rollo Books, complete in 10 vols
The Liberty Tree	Bridgewater Treatises, cheap edition, containing Bell on the Hand; Chalmers on the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God; Whewell's Astronomy; Herschell's Natural Philosophy
One Eyed Dick	Sacred Paths
Fox's Ministry of Christ	Early Friendships
True Stories from History	Sabbath Recreations
Chapin's Discourses	The Ladder to Learning
Miss Sedgwick's Stories	Interesting Stories
Merchant's Widow	Providence Illustrated
Greenwood's Sermons	Sparks's Washington
Memoirs of Bowditch	Parley's Wonders
Life and Times of Luther	Pictorial Bible
Life and Times of Cranmer	Stories and Rhymes
Bancroft's History, abridged	Book of Rhymes
Burnap's Lectures to Young Men	Spring—Summer—Autumn —Winter
The Annualette	Law among the Birds &c &c
Youth's Keepsake	
Traditions of Palestine	
Visit to the Country	
The Young Maiden	
Charlie's Discoveries	
Merchant's Daughter	
Blind Alice	
Crabbe's Short Tales	
Week Day Religion, by J. Whitman	

In addition to those named above, any others which may be wished for will be procured.

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Fox's Hints to Sunday School Teachers
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Sparks' Life of Washington, abridged, 2 vols
Week Day Religion, by Jason Whitman
Strive and Thrive—Hope on, Hope Ever—Sowing and Reaping—Who shall be greatest; by Mary Howitt
Historic Tales for Youth—Things by their right Names
Travels of Mungo Park—Jonas a Judge
Parry's Voyages, 2 vols—The Annualette
Charlie's Discoveries—Young Lady's Companion
Grandfather's Chair, by Nathaniel Hawthorne
Famous Old People, by do
Liberty Tree, by do
Ramble's Grecian Stories—do Birds of the Air do Menagerie
The Fireside Book—Berquin's Children's Companion
Crabbe's Short Tales—Paul Preston's Voyages
Pathway of the Savior—Poetry of Woman
Merchant's Daughter—Memoirs of Dr Bowditch
Evergreen Chaplet—Providence Illustrated
Well Bred Girl—Blind Alice—One Eyed Dick
True Stories from History
Life and Times of Cranmer, by Mrs Lee
Miss Sedgwick's Stories—Aida the Captive
Greenwood's Sermons to Children &c &c
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